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MY ROSE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I held in my hand a blood-red rose,
 And deep in its flaming heart
I could see its golden petals glow,
 As the rich leaves burst apart.

I had pressed it a hundred times to my cheek,
 I had kissed it with passionate love,
Since I found it lying upon the floor,—
 My beautiful treasure-trove.

It fell from the shining hair of my Maud,
 As she flitted from out the room,
Taking away all the joy and the light,
 And leaving all darkness and gloom;—

Save, where glowed like a fallen star,
 On the carpet, dim-colored and brown,
This red, red rose, fit type of the love
 That from our two lives had flown.

And, caressing the rose, for the beautiful head
 'Gainst which it had nestled was dear,
I dropped on its heart, in my thoughtless grief,
 A passionate, bitter tear.

Oh! type of our love in a fuller sense!
 My passion had killed the flower;
The tear had poisoned its little life,
 It had withered and died in an hour.

So, my mean and hateful jealousy,
 My selfish and arrogant pride,
Had tried the love of a heart that was mine,
 Till it doubted, and doubting me, died.

Then came the last, long, lingering kiss,
 And the heart's last despairing cry,
As placing in mine her white, white hand,
 She whispered—"God bless you! Good-bye!"

MARION SHIRLEY.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.

Thus the stern voice spake in triumph:
 "I have shut your life away
From the radiant world of nature
 And the perfumed light of day.
You who loved to steep your spirit
 In the charm of earth's delight,
See no glory of the daytime
 And no sweetness of the night."

A. A. F.

In the city of the Three Millions there is to be found the greatest solitude. The unfriended, unknown stranger will meet with it in the busiest streets. The isolated and forlorn may discover it in the most crowded localities. Poverty-stricken pride can command its unbroken seclusion in densely populated districts. The penniless and the homeless find it within the compass of its swarming thoroughfares. Timid and abashed misery encounters desolation in the centre of the busy hive of humanity. The outcast tests its loneliness but too painfully amid the currents and the eddies of the moving multitude. The outlaw and the fugitive from justice obtain recluseness where thousands congregate, even in the very heart of close and festering neighborhoods. The abandoned and the hopeless see in it but a Great Sahara; while those who would fly from observation obtain obscurity and privacy in the midst of thronging masses, or in the thickly congregated labyrinthine highways and byeways of the Mighty Metropolis!

Well might Ishmael Malpas, in selecting some retired spot even yet more secluded than the unfrequented depths of Kingswood Chace, wherein to place the forest maiden so mysteriously in his custody, and under his control, determine upon seeking it in London.

Well might he, conversant with its ways, knowing it a wilderness to such as he, make choice of it the better to keep the forest-flower hidden from the lordly hand which, he feared, sought to pluck, ruin, and destroy it.

Ishmael had lost faith in his kind. His trusting confidence had been blighted by a killing frost at the very moment it was in the glowing, gushing prime of generous youth.

He had been jilted by the only woman he had ever loved; deceived, betrayed, by the only friend in whom he had trusted with an unreserving faith; he had watched the progress of many, in order that he might save himself from the sin of self-glorification, wrought out of a universal condemnation of his race. He had again trusted, to be again deceived. He had tried to find woman's falsity the exception; he thought he had proved it the rule. He had tried to convince himself that the sanctity of friendship was but rarely violated; he found that its integrity was but yet more rarely preserved.

VIOLET AND MISS ALBERTINA.

False love, false friends, brought heart-weariness, and made faith faint. He could not step out from his nature as from a vain-glorious and rainbow-hued garment, to don sack-cloth and walk with ensanguined feet upon the sharp-cutting stony road of cold, selfish, treacherous life; but he could wear over that raiment of many pure and spotless colors a mantle of ice, hard, cold, and apparently unimpressionable; and he did.

What memories may, at times, have pierced his brain with acute and mortal agony; what retrospects may have wrung his heart with cruel agony, and have brought sweat-drops of blood upon his clammy, yet burning brow, none but himself knew.

Those fierce and fearful wrestlings with anguished despair, took place when he was far from human eye, and in the dead hour of the night, when the cold, pale stars looked down upon him out of the dark, deep, blue vault of Heaven, with an icy, unsympathising glittering.

His general bearing was sternly calm, frigid, and impassable. Violet, the forest-flower, had never known him exhibit another mood. She had not observed him in her days of childhood follow her gambols with eager admiring expressed on his animated face. She had not in her days of girlhood, detected his large, melancholy, earnest eyes fondly watching her light, airy, tripping movements over the soft grass, graceful in their action as those of the wood fawn. Aye, even until a gush of moisture filled them to overflowing.

If she had, she would then have seen him shade his eyes with his hand, and turn away as though the lustrous sunshine in which she moved was all too brilliant for his vision.

She had known no change in him until the hour in which Tubal Kish had informed him that her stream-side ramblings, her wanderings in the wood labyrinths, her saunterings in the Chace solitudes, had been shared by Cyril Kingswood, the son of that man who had plunged a hand of fire into his breast, and wrenched out his heart.

Then wild anger, rage, frenzy, all the fiery, stormy passions, long pent up within that marble frame, up-heaved, broke down their icy barriers, and burst forth in a torrent of ungovernable fury.

The tempest, indeed, expended itself upon the timid, shrinking, affrighted girl, for even while yet it raged with violence, his wrathful eyes observed her pallid features, her half-closed lids, her colorless lips, her panting bosom, and the signs they exhibited, warned him that his maddened indignation and frantic denunciations were fast driving her into swooning unconsciousness.

Then he ceased, relapsed as suddenly into his accustomed chilling demeanor, as he had leaped out of it. Nor did he change his stern, cold mien even after he had detected Violet alone with Cyril, in violation of his peremptory command never to see or even hint of him more.

For a short period—to her a dreary age—he kept her confined to her chamber, while he was occupied in making certain active preparations for their departure from the old hunting-lodge, none of which she beheld, in none of which she took interest, although she knew they were going on, and were intended to remove her far from the paradise in which her young life had hitherto been passed.

A fair, radiant scene made up of waving trees, blossoming flowers, and babbling translucent waters, it is true, but a paradise to her eyes, because she had wandered in it with one who in her eyes appeared a second Raphael,

"Native of Heaven, for other place
None can than Heaven such glorious shape
 contain."

What mattered it to her what form the preparations took, of what nature their details; it was already too much to know that they were intended to separate her from the chiefest impulse of her life. As well might she have entertained a restless anxiety to master the preparatory arrangements for her own entombment.

Her chamber window—a mere loop-hole—enabled her to overlook a portion of the Chace, but during her continuous weeping, watching, the shadow of no human form darkened the rich green sward. Sunlight played not radiantly there upon the only human form she cared to gaze upon.

That night Ishmael coldly informed her that she would quit the scene of her former life, for years at least, perhaps for ever, on the morrow. Without awaiting her reply—though she had none to make—he quitted her.

That night, with vague hope, she revisited the haunts she loved, because she had wandered in them with him. That night she encountered Erle, but not Cyril, and fled abruptly from him, when her eyes encountered the wild, rude, ungainly form of Tubal Kish.

Before the break of day, even while Erle was awaiting the coming of Philip Avon, Ishmael conveyed her away from her forest home.

Two days were passed in travelling in a close carriage; one night at a sequestered, lone inn; the second, past the hour of midnight, London was entered.

The vehicle passed through the now silent and more than semi-deserted streets, and at length they paused at the door of a house in a largely populated neighborhood.

A prisoner borne to confinement, from whence there is no prospect of escape, takes little heed of the aspect of the prison walls without. Violet was confused and bewildered, it is true, by the sights and scenes new to her—by the seemingly endless avenues of houses, more thickly clustered together than trees in the forest aisles and vistas, but the presence of one thought made the operation of observing them purely mechanical, and she took no notice whatever of the exterior of the building into which she was conducted.

A staid, vinegar-aspected, tall, matronly woman, evidently prepared for her coming, received her, and conducted her to a sleeping chamber.

She did not address a word to the poor, quivering girl—rather a relief to her, for Violet's timid eyes found in her bony visage a resemblance to the features of Tubal Kish, by no means flattering to the ruffian.

Violet, tired, wearied with her journey, more than with her sorrow, sought her couch, and nestled in it, heart-sore, like a wounded dove.

In the daylight she saw that brick walls alone faced her windows. There were no moving, bending trees, no patches of green sward, no beds of flowers to be seen from her casement, nothing but the dull walls and a gray, hazy patch of sky, more like a leaden pall than the free, bright Heaven she had been accustomed to gaze at.

Week passed after week, and the only change she was permitted to taste, was to pass to an adjoining apartment, a sitting-room, possessing precisely the same prospect.

During this time she saw nothing of Ishmael. Her only companion was the tall and scraggy effigy of Tubal Kish, who had received her on her arrival.

This female, so unfeminine in the sight of Violet, attended upon her and sat with her, in order to make the time fly away in the most agreeably cheerful manner. She vowed that she would cause her to become as lively under her prattle as a bird—a caged bird chirrupped to by a prominently bony ogress.

Violet felt faint at the announcement, and would have declined this signal mark of her esteem, but that she was unable to successfully interpose an objection which her attenuated attendant was not prepared to overrule.

At the earliest possible moment she admitted Violet to her confidence, by communicating to her that she was a spinster—by choice. Probably that of the gentlemen who were favored with a transient examination of her countenance.

Appropriately she was surnamed Virgo—Miss Albertina Virgo—and Albertina confessed to her young friend—for Violet was her junior by a trifle of fifty-two years—that she had at an early age repudiated sweetheartism. No doubt it had, with remarkable vivacity, returned the compliment, but upon that point Albertina did not enlarge. Possibly she had received her instructions; if she had not, it was somewhat remarkable that she should harp much upon the heartless iniquity, the base selfishness, the inconstancy, faithlessness, and general villany of the opposite sex.

She entered upon her task—if the task had been set her—*con amore*. She had never, she declared, plighted her maiden faith, nor pledged her virgin vow, to any scoundrel of the male "speechies." In the days of her girlish fascination she had kept off, with a basilisk's glare, every traitor in a coat and hat. Nay, rather than be stormed by the impetuous ardor of impassioned, love-stricken rapscallions, she protested that she had veiled her loveliness from the sight, a remark which made Violet marvel when, with great, wondering eyes, she gazed upon Albertina's countenance, so great an alteration from beauty to the aspect it now presented, she, in her innocence, deemed impossible.

"You are much changed," she observed hesitatingly.

Miss Albertina's visage became of a sudden mottled.

"No wonder," she responded, screwing up her nose until the tip became a white circle of dough-colored flesh. "No wonder, Miss Violet, considering what I have had to undergo at the hands of the horrid male creatures. I couldn't tell you half the wrongs I have suffered at their hands. I tell you, my dear, and you may take my word for it, they are all, without exception, a swarm of base deceivers."

"But the young, the good, the handsome," murmured Violet, solicitously; "they surely, are not false, designing, and untruthful."

"The vilest villains of the lot!" instantly replied Miss Virgo, viciously. "Handsome fellows, indeed; ha! they are the vagabonds of the race. They'll break young girls' hearts with as much indifference as they would snap one of their filthy tobacco pipes when they no longer require it. Those are the gentry who fought shy of me; they didn't like my looks, I can tell you. No, no, they never tried their sneaking, circumventing, soft glances and lying speeches upon me. One look in my face was enough for them; they saw that I was not a person to be easily cajoled, or to waste their base flummery upon. Handsome fellows, indeed! don't talk to me about handsome fellows."

"But—but, Miss Virgo," said Violet, clasping her hands, and gazing at her with piteous earnestness, "you have had, evidently, a very, very long experience with the world; you do not—cannot, mean to assure me that all—the—the beings of whom you speak are vile and wicked alike?"

"Every man jack of them!" exclaimed Miss Virgo, with emphatic force. "Not a pin to choose between them. Why there were my brothers, six of them, fine, handsome young fellows, all with golden, chestnut hair alike; they treated me, their only sister, like a pack of vicious brutes. They quarreled with me. I am sure there was always a row going on between one of them and myself—and they used to pull my hair—the loveliest golden chestnut, too—out by handfulls; they kicked my shins, and, oh! gave me such dreadful blows in the back. Not but what I could take my own part. I used to give back kick for kick, scratch them prettily, and always came off with my share of hair. Now, if they would act in this cruel fashion to a young, delicate, attractive creature as I was then, how would they behave to young girls with fewer charms and *not* their sister? It don't admit of a doubt. They are all alike, take my word for it."

Violet hesitated to take her word, firstly, because she could not bring herself to think that this person, not having seen Cyril, could form any just opinion respecting his merits or demerits, his truth or falsity; and, secondly, she hesitated to place implicit faith in one who said that in her youth she had been beautiful and fair, when now she was afflicted with a very ugly plainness of feature, was as brown as a cocoa-nut, and looked as if beyond dispute, she had been born so.

Violet remained silent. She determined inwardly to judge Cyril by a standard which was not Miss Albertina Virgo's.

Every day the spinster enlarged upon the topic, but Violet put no more questions to her, and made no replies. She looked each day paler, seemed very weary of her confinement to her apartments, and fatigued and distressed by Miss Virgo's dissertations upon the faithlessness and designing artifices of the brute "speechies" man.

At last, Miss Virgo, finding the subject she daily dilated upon becoming more than distasteful to her companion, proposed to vary the entertainment, and to add to their cheerfulness by commencing the study of the German language.

Violet only looked at her sadly and appealingly, and begged that she might be permitted to pass her time alone.

Miss Virgo appeared to be startled and shocked by the proposition. Her eyes and nostrils dilated, and her mouth, like the end of her nose, contracted to the circumference of a small circle. She shook her head, and said it could not be.

Violet turned away from her and looked up to the sky with eyes in which tears [illegible] had thickly congregated.

For some days Miss Virgo tried the soothing operation of reading aloud, but her subjects were not happily chosen. A treatise on the loss of teeth; a lecture upon the fallibility of man; "do you dye your hair?" cursory remarks on the elements of the Teutonic language; buttered crumbs for weak appetites; a thunderbolt for the artful; the cookery that paid the cook; and Pamela done into rhyme, failed to have any apparent effect upon Violet other than to render her depression and dejection yet deeper and more settled.

Miss Virgo, with chagrin, saw that Violet's face became wan in its paleness, and that loss of sleep began to attend loss of appetite; that a dull listlessness had fastened upon her, so that she seldom moved from where she seated herself, or scarcely ever removed her eye from the object on which it first fell, or raised a flush, or gave any token that she was not in a state of ecstacy in which the functions of her body were stilled, and her mind fixed in the contemplation of one object.

Miss Virgo became alarmed and absented herself.

That same night, Violet, with a scream, started from a recumbent position in which she had remained nearly the whole day.

The hand of Ishmael pressed upon her arm, and the voice of Ishmael breathed her name in her ear.

Her eye fell upon his face, pale, more wan, even than her own. There was an unearthly fire in his eye, but his countenance wore upon it a hue like that of death.

"Violet," he said, in a clear, deep voice, "I have sought you to speak grave words to you, to give you honest counsel, to try to lift, if it be possible, your spirit out of the dust in which you have humbled it—bruised it—I had almost said abased it, but that, I believe, your native dignity of soul would give the lie to such a word."

With downcast face, and trembling form, she listened to him, but she made no response.

"You are sad, very sad," he continued, with perceptible emotion. "I know wherefore; you know that I do, but you think I cannot make a due allowance for the grief which grows upon your heart, the despair which has made there its throne. You err in that presumption. I can; I do. But there is a limit to that allowance, beyond which even you must not pass. It is a sin to weep a life away, hoping for the impossible. It is a crime to sink down to a despairing death, yearning for that which never can be yours. It is a duty to wrestle with a sorrow which would be infinite if not controlled, because it mourns the loss of that which will never return on earth. You have a grief, a dire grief, battening upon your young heart; a bitter sorrow, hopeless in its aspirations; a despair which can never be alleviated by the attainment of that which alone would dissipate it. You must wrestle with this affection. It will be a sore struggle, but you must conquer. You must rise from it in triumph, and forget that it ever pressed down a spirit I once hoped would have escaped this accursed thraldom."

Violet yet bowed her head. She wrung her hands, but she did not utter a word.

"It is your duty, Violet," he said, firmly. "We have all our duties in life to perform, and we must not evade them or faint in their performance. You are not the only sufferer in this world of care and trial. I have suffered—suffered deeply; others have been as sorely tried, and will be again. But the trodden grass rises again, the bruised flower lifts up its head after its sudden blow, and blooms as bright as ever. The golden grain bowed by sweeping storms upraises its crest in the after sunshine, and flourishes ere its hour comes to fall beneath the sickle which gathers it for the final harvest."

He paused for a moment, and she, clasping still closer her trembling hands, muttered, in tones of anguish—

"The broken heart knows no resuscitation; it perisheth forever."

"No!" he exclaimed, in sharp, stern tones, which made her recoil. "It perisheth not; humbled, abased, crushed beneath the heel of human ingratitude, it lives on, if only for REVENGE!"

His eyes gleamed upon her, and he tossed up his closed hands in the air as he uttered these words.

She shrunk from him, and looked up at him in affright.

He observed the expression of her features, and he softened his manner and his tone of voice.

He took her hand, which was cold as death. He pressed it.

"Violet," he said, "you have been in my custody and care from your infancy—in that of mine alone. I took you from human society a babe, to share my solitude. I took you under no selfish considerations, but I took you that I might place you where you would be removed from the corruptions of a community which revels in sin, triumphs in infamy, and runs riot in those crimes which are blackest in the records of Heaven, because they are sins against honor, faith, truth. I placed you in a lone building, standing in the heart of a lonely forest. There I reared you, nurtured you, tended you. I believed that innocent, unsophisticated, uncontaminated by contact with the world, you would be free from the taint which communion with civilized society has affixed as a foul blot upon your sex. Innocence, purity, virtue, were, I believed, sufficient to enable you to lead in unalloyed happiness, a life passed in the world of nature. The murmuring trees, the velvet turf, the myriads of many-hued flowers, the ever-changing sky, were all your outer life would need; while, for your inner life, I taught you the written language of your own nation, the languages of other lands, and I placed before you literary pearls and gems of all. I made you to distinguish admiration from devotion, to lift your eyes from Heaven's masterpieces to the throne of Heaven itself. Your flowers, your pet birds of the air, your tamed fawn of the wood, received your affection; your worship was offered to Him who made them and you. All things which could keep your mind pure, your soul spotless, your heart light, your spirits free, it was my constant study to make yours. Your adoration of the Almighty, your affection for your pets, your grateful esteem for myself, were the only sentiments of earthly passion I designed your heart to be swayed by. The curse of human love, as between woman and man, it was my hope to save you from. It is my despair that in this I am disappointed. It teaches me that there is a power superior to man, which frustrates his dispositions and destroys his most carefully-arranged plans, with, no doubt, Divine foresight. I bow to it. But still, gifted with a certain discretionary power over your actions—in the exercise of a right incontestibly mine—I still proceed in the path which I believe it becomes my duty to pursue. I sought to rescue you from the power of love. I have failed, and destiny has made the son of my cruellest enemy the possessor of your virgin heart."

He turned away. It was with difficulty he forced the last few words out. He pressed his clenched hand upon his breast, and groaned terribly.

Yet a little time, and he cleared his voice. Again he took the cold, passive hand he had the moment previously released.

"Violet," he said, with deep emotion, "you cannot conceive how deeply the father of Cyril Kingswood has wronged me. It is not possible for a mind so framed and educated as yours to form even a remote conception of his heartless villany. But look on me. Once I was like Cyril Kingswood. That boy's father, by his terrible treachery, made me what I am. I hate him with an intensity far surpassing the love I once bore him, and that was great. To know that you could touch the hand of his son, even in common courtesy, would make my heart sick; to know that you would do so—nay, have done this, in loving tenderness—rends my very soul with a bitter agony far exceeding any you can ever know, though I, forgetting my immeasureable loathing to the race, were to place his hand in yours, and you were to discover, in that moment of joy, you grasped the cold palm of a corpse."

Violet wrung her hands; she sobbed and moaned piteously. The sounds were scarcely audible, but even Ishmael knew that the anguish she suffered was not the less terribly acute.

Ishmael regarded her with a steadfast gaze, and folded his arms so as to affect an air of calmness he was far from feeling.

"Violet," he continued, with a marked enunciation of each word, "from the home in which you were reared, the home in which you were taught to know but two powers who had the right to guide and control your actions—He who dwells in Heaven, and myself upon earth—your once bright and happy home, I have removed you. I have withdrawn you from one of nature's fairest scenes, from the sweet, clear air of unpolluted skies, from the melody of song-birds, the fragrance of flowers, from the silent leafy solitude you so loved, to this place—to this close and fetid atmosphere, to the contracted boundary of these heated chambers, from which the gleaming, health-giving light of day is all but excluded—where, in place of flowers and fluttering leaves, you behold blank, bleak walls, where day wears the gloom of night, and night itself is an utter, stifling blank. I have done this that you may estimate, by the change, the priceless value of what you have lost. I have done this that you might know that life is not all a summer's day—that the sweet green shining places in the free, fresh wood, have their dark side; that you may experience the stern fact that our will and our wishes are not within our own control; that human instinct, to secure its own happiness, raises up selfishness as an idol which it worships; but that this idol may be, and constantly is hurled to the ground by an unexpected—often an unseen hand. I would have spared you the bitter lessons with which life is usually crowded, but I have been foiled, and you, too, are called upon to make personal sacrifices which will bow your young spirit to earth for a time."

"For ever?" she murmured, in a tone of heart-broken agony.

"I have said No," he replied, emphatically. "I believe that I have made a timely rescue, for woman's first liking is rarely her first love. You have as yet seen no other youth handsome, noble, soft-voiced, such as he. He has been the first your eyes have gazed upon approvingly. Oh, my God, how bitterly has the knowledge been forced upon me that the tender glances, the honied words, the ardent attentions of a second, more personally handsome man than the first, has won the coveted heart, if even to sport with and destroy it as a bauble. Violet, I tell you this first love is a chimera. You have yet to love, and you shall have the chance of bestowing your not yet captivated affection upon another of my approval."

"No, no, no! Oh, I pray, I entreat you to spare me," she cried, falling upon her knees, with upraised hands, before him. "I will obey you in all things but that; make me your slave, immure me in cells as dark and dreadful as those beneath the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chace, kill me if you will, but do not seek to compel me—nay, even hope to expect me—to love another."

He placed his hands beneath her arms, and raised her up. He would have drawn her to his breast, but she shrunk from him, an act which made the muscles of his pale face quiver.

He bit his lips, and breathed heavily. Then he said,

"Violet, I have loved you with a father's affection—I have watched over you with a father's tenderness. In this struggle I will not desert you. Silly girl, think not I aspire to compel the bestowal of your love—a woman's heart is too chamelion-like for even herself to know on what object it has truly fastened—are you an exception? You now think you love. I will give you the opportunity of looking abroad among the high and the noble of the land, of gazing on the faces of men handsomer than you have seen in your dreams, nobler than ever stood beneath the proud roof of Kingswood Hall. And their eloquent eyes shall look admiringly upon you, and their fascinating tones shall discourse music in your ear, and your heart shall leap as they approach you, and grow sorrowful when they depart. Among such as these shall you find a fitting form for you to twine like a tendril about. To such an one shall you give your hand with your heart in it."

"Have mercy, if you love me, Ishmael. Have mercy!" she almost shrieked. "I have loved—I can never love again. I will be silent—I will accept any banishment you can devise for me—I will smile over a broken heart in your eyes—I will never see Cyril Kingswood more; but, oh, Ishmael! I love him! I love him! he is all the world to me! I never, never can love another—I—I WILL NOT!"

She almost shrieked her last words, and clung to his arm in passionate grief.

"I have heard such words before," he said, bending over her, and placing his hand tenderly on her brow. "I have heard vows as passionate made, and have seen them broken like a twig from a branch which had passed its summer. Violet, you shall away from hence—aye, into a world you never dreamed of, and in that world you shall find your heart again. I have sworn the downfall of the House of Kingswood, that a phœnix may arise from its ashes and make its greatest glory my triumph. Forget the past, and prepare to depart—to-morrow we leave this place. Put your trust in me, I will yet make you happy."

He quitted the room slowly as he spoke, wringing her cold, death-like hand as he departed.

She sank half fainting upon her knees, and clasped her hands,

"Cyril," she gasped, "I will be true to you. I will ever love you. You may not continue to love me; you may forget me, but oh, my heart is all your own, and I will die rather than receive those vows from another which I listened to with such happiness as they fell like golden flowers from your lips. Yes, Cyril, my heart may break with anguish, but I will, oh, I will be true to you even unto death!"

She upraised herself, and tottered, swooning, to a seat, for Albertina Virgo's step was heard without the door, and Albertina's face appeared within the door, looking more than ever like a visage which handsome young fellows would not venture to attempt to cajole.

CHAPTER XXII.

Pharisee, on issuing from the ante-chamber attached to Lady Kingswood's suite of private apartments, was in a state of anxious doubt on perceiving Lady Maud advancing, with hurried steps along the corridor, as to whether she had seen him leave them.

Guilt generally has the weakest possible sense of security. Conscious of its own crimes, it believes a large portion of the whole world to have obtained its confidence surreptitiously. It cannot divest itself of the notion that other eyes have seen its misdeeds when it would have kept them most secret; that other tongues will betray it, that whispers from unknown voices, that fingers of unseen people, will blab or point out the time, the place in which the deed was committed. Every eye seems on a staring watch, every hand stretched out, never in friendship, but only to seize. It feels an embarrassment which it fears will be observed, and thus reveal all it is most desirous of concealing. Its boldness evaporates, and confession struggles on its lips, because its own fears conjure up a discovery which, but for its own lack of discretion, would be far distant.

Pharisee was greatly disconcerted by the appearance of Lady Maud, and his countenance betrayed it. He imagined for the moment she had seen him searching Lady Kingswood's desk, and with difficulty he repressed himself from offering an excuse for being engaged in pilfering, the ridiculous falsity of which would have betrayed itself.

His countenance, usually impenetrably bland and adulatory, was now confused, shifty, and restless in its expression. His eyes moved rapidly beneath his bent brows, his lip trembled and quivered, so that he was compelled to bite it to steady it, his demeanor only remained unaltered, save that it was more cringing and fawning in its aspect than ever.

Lady Maud paused as if she would speak to him, and then passed into Lady Kingswood's chamber, only to return some few paces, and beckon Pharisee towards her.

Once more he stepped over the threshold of the ante-chamber, this time reluctantly. What if Lady Kingswood, from her sleeping-chamber, had witnessed him purloining from her desk, and were to communicate what she had seen to Lord Kingswood?

A flush of heat rushed to his brow, as he remembered that she did not dare do this, and his courage revived within him.

He resolved to meet her boldly; and if she had detected him in his theft, and were to threaten exposure and punishment, to face and defy her.

A glance at Lady Maud's pale face, and its terrified expression, also reassured him, for it spoke of her fears, not his delinquencies. If she had observed him glide out of Lady Kingswood's apartment, it had raised no suspicion in her mind respecting the object of his visit; she was evidently too much occupied with thoughts and fears, distracting to her timid nature, to heed his movements.

As he approached her with humble and respectful mien, she exclaimed, in hurried accents—

"Can you inform me, Pharisee, whether there is any foundation for—any truth in a series of—terrible, horrible rumors flying about among the people of the household?"

"What are the rumors to which you allude, my lady?" he asked, with eyes bent upon the carpet.

"I—I am told—I—I—hear that Mr. Philip Avon has been brought in dead—murdered," she returned; and added, excitedly—"This is not true?"

"Not true, certainly, my lady," responded Pharisee, in measured tones, "that is," he added, correcting himself, "not exactly true. Mr. Philip Avon has been brought in by the gamekeeper and his assistants, desperately wounded."

"He is not dead?" exclaimed Lady Maud.

"Not yet, my lady," returned Pharisee, laying some little stress upon the adverb.

"Heaven be praised," she exclaimed; and added, hastily—"The dreadful ruffian who so murderously assaulted him is still at large?"

"He is, my lady," responded Pharisee, laconically; though he resolved, the moment he found the channel into which Lady Maud's questions ran, to sting Lord Kingswood by casting iniquitous slanders and imputations on Erle.

"How is it this man, who has already injured Mr. Cyril, and so frightfully wounded Mr. Avon—this Tubal Kish—is not captured?" she exclaimed, earnestly. "It is impossible to say who next will be his victim. Surely, if Lord Kingswood himself has seized a gun and rushed into the wood in pursuit of him, not a man in the household should remain behind, let his occupation be what it may."

A faint tinge of color pinked the cheek of Pharisee, at this taunt of cowardice. He rubbed his hands over and over and bent low.

"The man who has already injured Mr. Cyril, and has also frightfully wounded Mr. Philip Avon, is certainly not captured," he said, in an insinuating tone, "but his name is not Tubal Kish."

"No?" she answered, interrogatively, and and in surprise. "It is the name I have heard repeated from mouth to mouth."

"In error," returned Pharisee, sleekly. "They would not like, for fear of Lord Kingswood's anger, to name the real delinquent."

"The real delinquent—Lord Kingswood's anger," repeated Lady Maud, with amaze. "What do you hint at, Pharisee?"

Pharisee gazed around him, and then in a whisper said—

"Mr. Philip Avon has fallen by no common hand; Lord Kingswood may well be disturbed."

Lady Maud felt a cold thrill steal over her.

"Where is my cousin Cyril?" she asked.

"In the wood, in search of him who shot down Mr. Avon. Lord Kingswood has just followed him, fearing he might come to harm," returned Pharisee, with devilish ingenuity, although he little knew how deep a wound he was inflicting upon the fair young creature before him.

"And—and Mr. Gower?" gasped Lady Maud, with blanched face and staring eyes.

Pharisee shrugged his shoulders.

"He has disappeared! taken flight, gone," rejoined Pharisee, quickly.

Lady Maud saw it all now. She knew the furious, vindictive nature of Philip Avon. She already knew that he hated Erle. He had spoken of him with bitterness to her, and she had not to guess, that in saving her life, Erle had committed a crime in the eyes of Philip Avon.

There was a strange ringing in her ears, and the objects in the room appeared to become dim in her eyes, her brain seemed in a whirl, and she was compelled to lay her hand upon the table for support.

She passed her cold hand over her clammy brow, and with an effort to save herself from swooning, she muttered—

"A duel!"

Again Pharisee shrugged his shoulders with much significance.

"The hand that struck down in cold blood and the darkness of night the son of his benefactor would hardly be raised to meet Mr. Philip Avon in fair combat," he rejoined, with malignant sarcasm.

Lady Maud's eyes dilated. Did this man—this cringing, crawling reptile—this parasite—dare to insinuate that the proud, haughty, noble-hearted Erle Gower was nothing more than a common stabber?

A moment before she was half fainting, and all tears. Now she drew herself up with indescribable majesty.

"What do you dare insinuate, man?" she exclaimed, in a tone which startled him.

He gazed upon her with astonishment. Lord Kingswood's frenzy had surprised him, but this change in Lady Maud astounded him.

He shrunk before her haughty look and commanding tone, and maintained an embarrassed silence.

She had been too deeply affected by his words to permit him to remain thus, and waving her hand with an imperious gesture, she said—

"Speak! I demand of you an explanation of your meaning. You have spoken of Mr. Gower. With what do you charge him?"

"I, my lady, charge him with nothing," returned Pharisee, in a fawning tone. "It is very painful, I assure you, my lady—"

"It is not of your emotions I wish to hear, but of Mr. Gower," she interposed, with a vehemence strangely unnatural to her.

"Then, my lady, that young gentleman it was who knocked down Mr. Cyril in the glade, and afterwards pretended that he discovered him senseless," replied Pharisee, curling his lip like a snarling hound; "and he it is who, after having stabbed Mr. Avon in several places, shot him cruelly, so that there is little or no hope of saving his life."

"It is false," exclaimed Lady Maud, excitedly. "It is inhumanly false—wickedly, atrociously false."

"What is this I hear?" cried a voice suddenly in their rear.

They both turned quickly, and beheld Lady Kingswood, with eyes reddened and swollen, as if she had been weeping, standing close to them, regarding both with an aspect of wonder.

There was a silence of a moment, and then Lady Kingswood repeated her words.

Lady Maud, with haughty dignity, waved her hand to Pharisee, and said—

"Repeat your statement."

Imperceptibly biting his nether lip, he bowed low, and then obeyed.

Lady Maud extended her hand suddenly, and raising her fingers pointedly said, with rapid enunciation—

"Were you present when Mr. Gower, as you assert, struck Mr. Cyril Kingswood?"

"No, my lady," replied Pharisee; but—"

"Has Mr. Cyril informed you that it was Mr. Gower who attacked him barbarously in the wood?"

"Mr. Cyril inform me?" repeated Pharisee, with a confused, surprised expression on his cadaverous face; and then added, quickly—"No, my lady; certainly, assuredly not."

The sweet, arched brows of Lady Maud contracted with close severity.

"Pray, sir, were you present at any portion of the time during which the late horrible event was enacted?" she interrogated, as sternly as one so fair and gentle could.

"No, oh, no, my lady," he replied, promptly; "but—"

She waved her hand with haughty impatience.

"Man, you know nothing!" she exclaimed, emphatically; and added, indignantly,—"Yet, with vulgar and criminal audacity, you dare to heap upon the head of a gentleman of, I will be sworn, irreproachable honor, calumnies of a base and monstrous nature. This, too, before Lady Kingswood and myself. Do not suppose, however, that your many years' service with Lord Kingswood gives you the privilege of circulating surmises which are wickedly false, or presume that they will purchase for you immunity from the heaviest tokens of his lordship's just and indignant displeasure."

Pharisee's features underwent that ghastly change which the chamelion exhibits when disturbed. He seemed to be quite overwhelmed by this torrent from a young creature usually reserved and girlish in all her ways and actions.

He glanced at Lady Kingswood's excited face, and pressing his entwined hands upon his breast, he contracted his form into a cringing attitude, and said—

"I entreat your pardon, my lady, if I have offended by my inconsiderate speech; but permit me to offer, in extenuation, that the long period of my close and faithful attendance upon my Lord Kingswood has emboldened me to make observations I see now that I ought to have reserved. Yet, as I am in possession of circumstances connected with Mr. Gower beyond what I—I think your ladyship can possibly know, I was led—I was led to—"

He paused.

"To give utterance to surmises which malignancy would convert into facts, and so disseminate them!" exclaimed Lady Maud, with the same excitement as before.

Meanwhile, a round, hectic spot appeared suddenly upon the pallid cheek of Lady Kingswood, who had been listening to each speaker like one in a bewildering dream—one sentence from the lips of Pharisee roused her into instant life and energy. She laid her hand gently upon Lady Maud's shoulder, and said, in a soothing voice—

"You are strangely excited, Maud, my pet. You must not give way to such ebullitions, they are injurious, especially when they are permitted to obtain in matters which really ought not to concern you. Mr. Gower, whether honorable or a ruffian, can be nothing to you, that you should be excited respecting observations made about him. You are a child—you will know better anon. Retire, my love, to your chamber. Something shocking has happened, no doubt, but you should not suffer yourself to display any but a proper emotion, and that at a proper time."

Strange counsel this from a woman who never had, never could control, unless under some very extraordinary effort, the betrayal of her own feelings.

Lady Maud, who had been suddenly paralyzed by the remark made by Lady Kingswood, that Erle could be nothing to her, bent her head and concealed her face, for she felt a thronging of tears from her eyes. With a somewhat formal bend to Lady Kingswood, and without uttering a word, she hastened from the apartment.

Lady Kingswood listened to her retreating footsteps, went even to the threshold of the door and gazed after her fleeting form until she had seen the last wave of her floating garments, and then she returned within the ante-chamber, and closed the door.

She fixed her glittering eye upon Pharisee, and crossed her arms.

"Tell, me, Pharisee, what you know about this boy—this Gower, who has been brought in so mysterious a fashion to Kingswood Hall, and placed in the bosom of his family, by Lord Kingswood," she exclaimed, in an imperative tone.

"My lady, your pardon," returned Pharisee, looking up into her face beneath his bent brows. "I fear that in my zeal I have already said too much."

"For other ears granted," said Lady Kingswood, quickly; "but not enough for mine. Speak, Pharisee, without reservation or evasion."

"My lady, I have already told you that from small circumstances I formed a chain of evidence which led me to the conclusion that Mr. Philip Avon has fallen by the hand of Mr. Gower," responded Pharisee, his eyes still furtively fixed upon those of Lady Kingswood.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, angrily and quickly. "I care nothing whatever about that affair. I want to know *who* this mysterious boy really is. You must tell me, Pharisee," she added, in a low, but peremptory tone.

"I—I, my lady," he cried, with an affected start, "indeed, my lady, I cannot."

"It is false," she rejoined, sharply. "You know, and you shall reveal the secret to me."

"Lady Kingswood," returned Pharisee, with a marked earnestness of manner, "I would cheerfully die to serve you. I would not hesitate for one moment to give you the information you seek, because, I am sure, my lady, that you would never betray me."

"I would not," she interposed, with emphasis.

"I believe it, my lady," he returned, with warmth, "but I cannot give you the secret, because I do not possess it."

"You have attended Lord Kingswood constantly and closely for years," she pursued. "Will you tell me that you never knew of his existence until his arrival here?"

"It is so, my lady," returned Pharisee.—"My lord, reserved in most of his private affairs, has been especially close in this."

Lady Kingswood pondered for a moment.

"You have your suspicions, at least, Pharisee," she said, fixing her eyes upon his, and yet unconscious how direct and settled his gaze was upon hers.

He lifted his shoulders and eyebrows, but remained silent.

A crimson flush mounted to her forehead, her eyes glittered like diamonds. It might be that a tear of rage and vexation sprung up into them.

"Have you observed," she said, in a subdued voice, "any resemblance which his features bear to—to—"

The words seemed to choke her.

"The lords of Kingswood," supplied Pharisee; "yes. It is singularly striking, more particularly remarkable is his likeness to the portrait of—your pardon, my lady—the bad Baron of Kingswood."

"Aye," she repeated, bitterly, "the Wonder of Kingswood Chace."

"No—a—no, my lady," exclaimed Pharisee, quickly, "the Wonder of Kingswood Chace is a beautiful young girl, at times seen as a child, but about whom no one knows anything."

"You know not the history," rejoined Lady Kingswood, pettishly. "The present Lord Kingswood has been considered, especially in his youth, remarkable for the resemblance he bore to that baron—the Wonder of the Chace. This youth, named Gower, yet more marvellously resembles him. Such a likeness cannot be a coincidence, a mere accident, or freak of nature. Lord Kingswood has had no brothers nor sisters. Pharisee, I must know the mother of that boy."

"My lady!" ejaculated Pharisee, with affected surprise.

"I must see her—speak with her—be yours the task to find her," exclaimed Lady Kingswood, in a resolved tone.

"My lady, you ask of me an impossibility," returned Pharisee.

"Nothing is impossible that we determine to overcome," she rejoined. "I have determined to master this mystery."

"But my Lord Kingswood," suggested Pharisee, shrugging his shoulders.

"Need know—must know nothing," returned her ladyship, in a tone of caution, "until I acquaint him with the result of the investigation."

"But, my lady," urged Pharisee, "if his lordship should discover—"

"I will protect you, never fear," interposed Lady Kingswood, quickly.

"Oh, my lady," he replied, with an ardor which at any other moment would have been detected and crushed, "let me but live in the light of your favor, and I will dare eternal annihilation."

"Tell me at once all you know about this boy," she exclaimed, as she found that she possessed a power over him—of what kind she never questioned herself—of its real nature she did not dream.

"What I *know*," he said, reducing his voice to a whisper, as he glanced uneasily about the apartment, "amounts to nothing; what I suspect, to much."

"What do you suspect?" she asked, eagerly.

"That he is Lord Kingswood's son!" he exclaimed, in a sibilant whisper.

A convulsive emotion passed over Lady Kingswood's features; she gasped as if a spasm was suffocating her.

Pharisee, not pretending to observe this emotion, proceeded—

"He is rather older than Mr. Cyril; he must have been born at the time his lordship was contracted to your ladyship. He is, perhaps, the offspring of a mock marriage—"

"Stop—stop! be silent, I charge you!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, in a choking, guttural voice.

She pressed her hands over her eyes, and rocked as if she would fall senseless on the ground.

Presently she threw herself up erect, and, with an expression on her face which startled the sleek hypocrite, she exclaimed, imperiously—

"This is but surmise; at best, low, vulgar surmise. I will have none of it. There is a grave mystery, and I will unravel it. Mere idle presumption or possibilities will not do for me. I must—I will know the truth. I must have facts, facts, Pharisee, so search for them, find them, be able to prove them authentic and genuine beyond controversion, then you shall be adequately rewarded, and I will exact a terrible revenge."

"But, my reward, Lady Kingswood," exclaimed Pharisee, edging nearer to her, and gazing with a flashing steadfastness into her eyes.

She flung her hand with an impatient wave towards him, and cried—

"Name it, claim it when due. Be only faithful to me, solve the mystery, put me in possession of every clue as you discover it, lay before me every mesh as you unweave it, arm me with facts, Pharisee, and in the hour of my triumph you shall be rewarded beyond your expectations. Now leave me—I would be alone."

Pharisee once again bent upon her a steadfast, earnest look, but it was thrown away, as she turned from him.

He made a prolonged, low, slow, cringing bow, and then glided from the room, closing the door behind him.

His eyes flashed with a triumphant gleam.

"Reward me beyond my expectations, eh?" he muttered, as he upraised both clenched hands; "aye, and beyond yours, my Lady Kingswood," he added, with an exulting laugh, as he moved rapidly and silently down the corridor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NEW STORY.

We design commencing in our next number—the first of the new year—a new serial story, of a most interesting and absorbing character.

We shall give a brief summary of "Violet," so far as it has appeared, to enable new subscribers, who may not wish the back numbers, to go on with that story also.

RENEWALS.

As this is the last paper of the year, we hope our friends will not delay in renewing their subscriptions. It is a great convenience to us to get them as early as possible, as we are thereby able to regulate our edition for the new year. No old subscriber, of course, wants a break in his numbers, and we are sometimes thus forced to print more papers than are really wanted; while, in other cases, we have to disappoint those whose subscriptions come in late.

Those who are making up clubs can send on the names as they get them, stating what kind of a club they are making up. We hope a good many will entitle themselves to extra papers, engravings, Dictionaries and Gazetteers, to our mutual advantage.

OUR CLUB PRICES.—We know these are too low, especially for large clubs. Nearly all the other literary papers, club down to $1,50, for large clubs, and then stop. We ultimately probably shall have to raise our club prices to the same level. In fact, the present price hardly pays the *cost* of the paper, let alone any profit.

But while our club prices remain as they are, we think no one who tries can fail in getting up a club. And to those who get ten subscribers at the usual newspaper rate for clubs, $1,50, we give either Webster's Quarto Dictionary, or Lippincott's Gazetteer, which sell in the stores from $6,00 to $6,50 apiece! The "best of the weeklies," and such inducements,—we look for a public response worthy our liberal offers.

A DENIAL.

Several weeks ago we quoted in an editorial article, what purported to be Mr. Bayard Taylor's favorable opinion of the present government of Rome. We found it in the *New York Tablet*, an able and rather moderate Roman Catholic Journal.

We received last week a letter from Mr. Taylor, inclosing a denial of his responsibility for any such opinions, which denial he had previously made to the *Journal of Commerce* Mr. Taylor says:—

> Whence the article referred to originated, I cannot tell; but not one line of it was ever written by me. It conveys a totally false impression, not only of my own views, but of actual facts. I have twice travelled through the Papal States, (once on foot), have conversed much and freely with peasants, priests and nobles, have employed my own habits of observation with a sincere desire to discover the truth, and it is my deliberate conviction that *the Papal Government is one of the very worst in the world*. It has *not* "a liberal Constitution, light taxation, very little pauperism, an economical administration, cheap and free education for all classes, (!)" &c., &c., as I am made to say. No government of priests ever has been, or ever can be, a good government. Pius IX. is a kind, humane, honest man; but he has no longer the knowledge or even the power, to do anything. The real Pope is that wolf of the Appenines, Antonelli.
>
> The Journal's remark, "We fear that Mr. Bayard Taylor does not know much about Rome," would be quite correct if I had written the article in question. It is not the first time that my name has been wantonly used in connection with views which I never held, and as, in this instance, the forgery has been made the basis of a judgment unfavorable to my reputation as a correct reporter of men and institutions, I beg that you will give this denial as conspicuous a place as the article which called it forth.
>
> I would refer any one desirous of obtaining a *true* picture of affairs in the Papal States, to the "Roman Question" of M. Edmund About. Yours, BAYARD TAYLOR.

If the *New York Tablet* has not already given Mr. Taylor the benefit—or the loss, as it may consider it—of the above correction, we think it is bound to do so as early as possible. We can only account for the origin of such a statement, on the supposition that Mr. Taylor has been carelessly credited with the opinions of some other writer. That it is a deliberate forgery, it is hard to believe, because its folly would be equal to its criminality—as Mr. Taylor could not fail of seeing and denouncing it, and thus the engineer would "hoist with his own petard."

LUCKY SCHOOLMASTERS.

Oh, ye poor American schoolmasters, did you ever know in what appreciation certain of your guild were held in England? You have heard of Eton, we suppose. Well, the head master at that famous school receives a yearly income exceeding £6,000, or $30,000. His name is Dr. Goodford—and he has a good berth. The income of the Assistant Masters range between $7,500 and $18,500 a-year! and, although they work hard while they are at it, they enjoy a yearly vacation of over three months.

The number of the Eton masters who teach is under twenty; the number of the boys they are supposed to teach is not far short of 850. Of these twenty masters, five are devoted to the tuition of the lower school, in which there are about 100 very young boys; leaving 750 senior boys to be instructed by fifteen instructors. These gentlemen are not selected for their lucrative posts because they have been first-class men or senior wranglers—or because they have had great experience in, or exhibited remarkable aptitude for, tuition; the services of the most accomplished and experienced professors, might readily be secured for a third of the money paid to them; they become Eton masters solely because they are fellows of King's College, Cambridge, and because King's College has, somehow, a vested interest in Eton boys.

We do not see it explained how this is so—but only that it is so. It is some "vested right" affair, and "vested rights" are considered so sacred in England, that they often decay into vested wrongs, and do a great deal of mischief, before some "fewocious radical, you know," knocks them on the head. Eton school seems now to be suffering a little in this way—as we judge by a complaining article in a London magazine, from which we gather the above interesting facts. This audacious writer says:—

> Eton, like all others of our old upper class schools, is, unfortunately, a mere money speculation. Conducted as it is, its shareholders—the Eton masters—reap enormous dividends, which, were it conducted with more fairness and honesty towards the pupils and their parents, must inevitably be much smaller. At present, its head-master receives an income far greater than that which is received by any of our cabinet ministers or by any of our bishops, save those of London and Durham; and yet I believe I am doing no injustice to Dr. Goodford when I say that at the time he was elected to the head-mastership of Eton, he had achieved no particular distinction at the university, or in any branch of literature, or, indeed, of any kind; and that since he has occupied that post, he has not succeeded in raising the character of the school, either for classical scholarship or for general learning."

It is evident that Eton is in a fair way of receiving a good overhauling, and Dr. Goodford's income is in considerable danger, unless indeed he and his Assistants can devise some mode by which this officious writer can be "put down."

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It appears to be the object of Louis Napoleon, in his late measures relative to freedom of debate in the Legislative Assembly, and freedom of the press, to enlarge the area of French liberty so far as it can be done without endangering his own position at the head of affairs. Count Persigny says to the Prefets of the Departments:—

> Let the abuses in society or the Government be disclosed. Let the acts of the administration be discussed, and injustice be revealed; but should parties endeavor to overthrow the State and dynasty, the law will not permit discussion, and the system of warning will then be enforced. The Minister concludes thus:—I declare that although disposed not to flinch before any responsibility in prohibiting attacks by the press against the State; on the other side, I shall not consult any private considerations in the resolution which I shall take to encourage the habit of free discussion in France.

It is supposed by some that the Emperor, now that he has broken to a considerable extent with the clergy by his course relative to the Pope, feels the necessity of obtaining the support of the press, and of the more liberal portion of his subjects. Apart, however, from this, he may think it good policy—as it undoubtedly is—to allow all free discussion that does not endanger the continuance of the Napoleon dynasty in power. In other words, he is willing that the press shall discuss his measures and those of his ministers, but not himself. He evidently holds with Louis XVI., "The State? I am the State!"

HOW IT WAS.

We see the following in a contemporary, probably quoted from some book—as no *editor* would be apt to say so wicked a thing:—

> Serpents, they say, have power to charm. Eve probably learned the art in her famous interview with the serpent in the garden, and taught it to her daughters, and so womankind are charming.
>
> The idea is an old one. Byron says of one of his heroines:—
>
> Fair as the first that fell of womankind,
> When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
> *Whose image thence was stamped upon her mind,*
> *But once beguiled, and ever more beguiling.*"

That, or something like it—we quote from memory; for we read Byron when we were "young and foolish."

But the charge against woman is all a slander—she charmed Adam even before she had ever seen the serpent. Burns explains her superiority to man in a much more courteous and sensible fashion, when he says of Nature, that

> "Her *prentice* han' she tried on man,
> And *then* she made the lasses o."

THE POST has too many friends among the ladies not to endorse Burns.

THE INFLUX OF GOLD.

We thought we would be moderate last week, when we predicted the receipt of five millions of specie from Europe before the first of February. But already we have $4,887,000 from Europe, $1,000,000 from California, and $17,500 from Havana; making a receipt, in one short week, of $5,945,000, or, nearly six millions of dollars! One vessel, the Persia, to the surprise of almost every one, brought over $3,000,000. While the Fulton, which is telegraphed from St. Johns, has $600,000 more on board.

As a natural consequence, stocks have been going up, and the rate of interest going down. While at the banks, as a cashier informed us, there already begins to be experienced a little difficulty in getting first-class paper to discount.

In view of this state of things, we should not be surprised to see an easy money-market before many weeks, and an early resumption of specie payments by our banking institutions. So may it be.

THE STEREOPTICON.—This is a novel exhibition. Transparent photographs are exhibited upon a large illuminated canvas, producing all the effect of the stereoscope upon a large scale. Mr. Emerson, who witnessed it in Boston, is said to have termed it "The culmination of the Daguerrean art." It is on exhibition at Concert Hall, Chestnut above Twelfth.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLANTS OF THE HOLY LAND WITH THEIR FRUITS AND FLOWERS. Beautifully Illustrated by Original Drawings, Colored from Nature. By REV. HENRY S. OSBORNE, author of "Palestine, Past and Present." A pretty and useful volume—well suited for a Christmas or New Year's gift. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE SKELETON MONK: AND OTHER POEMS. By FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER. Published by James Challen & Son, Phila.

THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL ASPECTS OF GEOLOGY. By W. J. BARBEE, A. M., Principal of M. F. Institute, Senatobia, Mississippi. Published by James Challen & Son, Phila.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS IN THE HOLY LAND. By REV. HENRY S. OSBORNE, author of "Fruits and Flowers of the Holy Land." Published by J. Challen & Son, Phila.

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NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE. By EDWARD E. HALE. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott, & Co., Phila.

☞ The apostle St. John, a prisoner in a small seagirt island, constantly hearing the sounding waves breaking on the shore, could think of no harmony better suited to convey to us an idea of the melody of the heavenly songs, which he therefore says came to his ear "as the voice of many waters."

☞ The fabulous unicorn has been found by a traveller. He says it exists in the interior of Thibet, in India, where it is well known to the inhabitants. It is the same as the unicorn of the Scriptures, and is mentioned by ancient writers. It is said to be about the size of the horse, and extremely wild. It is seldom, if ever, caught. They have a horn projecting out from their head. They go in herds, and are to be met with on the borders of the Great Desert.

☞ If you have been at war with society marry a rich wife as soon as possible, and society will probably receive you both warmly and with congratulations, calling your prudence penitence, and pleased, perhaps, with your wife, certainly with your conformity, and most certainly with your five thousand a year.

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AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

Charles Reade, one of the sprightliest of English writers, says:—The constructive genius of the American people, stimulated by sound legislation, teaches us lessons at every turn. Look at their hotels—the wonder of the world—ours are only the terror. Look at their cities, reticulated with telegraphic wires, so that at the first alarm of the fire an engine is rung for. I go through the docks at Liverpool, and point out the biggest and smartest ships, and ask a sailor from what ports they come. It is always: "Yankee, sir. Yankee. Yankee." We had been sailing yachts many years more than they had, when they sent over the *America*, and beat our fleet. From the cradle to the grave American invention accompanies an Englishman. Singer clothes his body, and Hoe gives his mind the news of his epoch an hour or two quicker than he could have done otherwise. Meantime American clocks are recording his progress to the grave. The other day an American hydraulist treated with Russia for wet goods; bought her ships under water at Sebastopol. While he was getting ready his machinery to raise them, and tow them away at his tail, he prepared an advertisement to this effect: "Any second-rate power that wishes to subjugate a third-rate country, can have a tidy little fleet for the purpose, by treating with me, Jonathan ——, in Sebastopol." One can gauge the intellects of nations as well as men, and there is not another nation under the canopy of heaven capable of that advertisement, and also of acting in the spirit of it. Such are hydraulics in the hands of *genius*; and such are the ardent people, the leaders of the world in mechanical invention and constructive skill.

☞ The Paris courts value a lady's teeth at 8,000 francs. An English governess was recently knocked down by a carriage, and by the accident lost all her teeth. She brought an action of damages, and the tribunal awarded the above amount.

☞ A youth who had not long emerged from scholastic trammels, having been smitten with a pretty face, consulted his former preceptor, as to whether he would advise him to *conjugate*. "No," replied the pedagogue. "I should say, by all means, *decline*."

☞ What is best to prevent a maid from despairing? Pairing.

☞ Barry Cornwall says:

> "Come—let me dive into thine eyes."

If his love had "swimming eyes," very good; but, at all events, our advice to the young woman is, for divers reasons, don't let him do it. He might go over a "cataract."

☞ The man who was choked while attempting to swallow an inconsistency has recovered. He was not a member of Congress—or he would never have choked.

☞ "TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS."—The New York Commercial Advertiser says:—"The most beautiful pocket edition of this highly interesting work that we have ever seen is—*a twenty dollar gold piece!*"

☞ An architect proposes to build a Bachelor's hall, which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

SECESSION MOVEMENTS.

The news of the passage of the Secession Ordinance by South Carolina was received with the firing of salutes in Mobile, New Orleans, Norfolk, &c.

The ammunition in the arsenal at Charleston is virtually in the hands of the Mayor, as not a pound of anything can be taken out by the Government without his order.

There are private advices reasserting most positively that the forts in Charleston harbor will be attacked at an early day. This, however, is still denied.

Secretary Floyd is reported as having said that when an attempt is made by the Charleston Minute Men to seize Fort Moultrie, they will find themselves in an unpleasant position. But he declines giving his plans, or to state what reinforcements are ready, giving as the reason that it would defeat his objects.

The Mobile Tribune says that Captain S. S. Taylor has rigged out a schooner, mounted two heavy guns, and taken on board fifty hardy, active, well-drilled sea-rovers, with which he intends to defend the Alabama coast. This is the beginning of a new navy.

The South Carolinians are very anxious about their sea coast line, and considering measures to defend it.

Major Anderson, in command at Fort Moultrie, is a native of Kentucky and a graduate at West Point. He was with Gen. Scott in Mexico, and distinguished himself on several occasions between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, and was brevetted.

A dispatch having been published in New York, which stated that Fort Moultrie would be surrendered if attacked, and that Major Anderson had received orders to that effect, it has been deemed necessary by the Secretary of War to *officially contradict* the statement. The fortifications are as strong as any in the country, and will be defended to the last.

Gen. Scott regards "Fort Sumpter" as the key to Charleston. Large sums have, within the past few years, been spent in furnishing its batteries, and in providing it with heavy guns, shot shells, powder, water cisterns, barracks, and every convenience for defence; whoever has that, in his opinion, commands Fort Moultrie and Charleston.

It is said that the new Governor of South Carolina, Hon. S. W. Pickens, who is a strong secessionist, has pledged his word to the President that the forts will not be molested, nor the collection of the revenue interfered with.

The resolution offered in the Mississippi Legislature, in favor of separate State action, was adopted by 56 ayes to 54 nays.

Mr. Delaney's bill protecting the citizens of Georgia from the processes of the Federal Courts, was lost by 16 majority.

Mr. Haskin, member of Congress from New York, has written to Gov. Morgan of that State, asking him to call the attention of the legislature in his annual message to the formation of volunteer military companies to sustain, if need be, the Union—to protect the Federal property, and aid in enforcing the Federal laws.

It is said that Mississippi has elected delegates to her Convention, in favor of separate State secession, by a very large majority—say 70, in a convention of 100 delegates, and a popular majority of 30,000 votes.

☞ POETRY AN AID OF VIRTUE.—I have always been of opinion that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our minds is the imagination; and to it a good poet makes his court perpetually. Our passions and inclinations come over next, and our reason surrenders itself with pleasure in the end. Thus the whole soul is imperceptibly converted to morality

☞ THAT'S SO.—Gilded roofs and silver door-locks cannot shut out sleepless nights.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THREE MILLIONS OF SPECIE IN THE PERSIA—CAPTURE OF PEKIN—IMMENSE SPOILS—FLIGHT OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR, &C.

The Persia arrived at New York on the 20th, with foreign dates to the 9th, and £630,000 sterling in specie. The Fulton brings $600,000, and news to the 11th.

A despatch received at the Foreign Office, says that Pekin has been captured by the Allies, and that the Emperor's summer palace was sacked by the victors, who obtained immense spoils. The Emperor is reported to have fled to Tartary.

The surrender took place on the 13th of October. All demands were yielded to. No enemy was seen in Pekin.

The Allies were encamped within the walls. The army was in a healthy condition.

A new and distinct rebellion is reported in the province of Shanghae.

Mr. Parks and Mr. Loch, the English prisoners, have returned to the army. Two other prisoners had died from the ill-treatment they received.

The Allies are to winter at Pekin and Tientsin.

The position of Italian affairs is unchanged. Victor Emmanuel was expected back to Naples at any moment.

There is nothing later from Gaeta.

The Sardinians await the fall of Gaeta before storming the citadel of Messina, which will be besieged in case of a refusal to surrender.

Francis II. has issued another protest complaining of the apathy of the European sovereigns, and denouncing Victor Emmanuel.—The tone of the despatch does not indicate a prolonged occupation of Gaeta. He had concluded a loan at Vienna.

Reactionary disturbances are reported at several places, which were suppressed by the Garibaldians, and the ringleaders shot.

The Archbishop of Naples, on his return, was mobbed, and his palace threatened with destruction. After 18 hours' rioting, the mob were appeased by the appearance of the Archbishop, bearing the national tri-color.

FRANCE.—It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon had declared to the Bishop of Versailles, with much sarcasm, that the temporal powers of the Pope must be put down.

M. Persigny, as Minister of the Interior, was issuing important circulars to the Prefects. In one he promises the utmost liberty of discussion to the press.

The Paris Bourse was firm; Rentes 69f. 10c.

La Presse, a Paris daily, contains an article deprecating the secession of the slave-holding States. It concludes as follows:—

"France will never lay herself open to such a course. She ought not to allow the Southern States to deceive themselves in this matter. She cannot even lend such consent as silence may afford; her duty is to labor with all her power to prevent a dissolution. There ought not to be for us, on the other side of the Atlantic, either Southern Americans or Northern Americans, but States whose union is important to the equilibrium of the world. The American marine is not less necessary to France than the Russian, Spanish and Italian navies, to prevent a single Power from seizing the empire of the seas.

"France was the first ally of the United States—we hope that she will now be their counsellor, and expose the abyss into which they are hurrying—an abyss in which will be buried forever a Past most glorious and a Future most hopeful. For the American Union separation is suicide; it is murder of a great nation and a great principle, France cannot lend a hand to this suicide and this murder. She has helped to make this people—she will never help to destroy them.

"Such are, we are convinced, the sentiments of our Government."

HUNGARY.—It is reported that the Austrian Cabinet has discussed the expediency of declaring Martial Law throughout Hungary.

It is rumored that the Hungarian committee at Milan purpose to tender the crown to Prince Napoleon.

Popular agitation prevailed in the Danubian principalities and at Pesth.

SPAIN.—Gen. O'Donnell was shot in the shoulder, as he was leaving the Spanish Senate.

TURKEY.—The French Ambassador to Turkey is urging the extension of the French occupation of Syria, but the Porte objects.

A despatch received from the camp before Gaeta, dated evening of the 6th inst., states that a trial had been made of the Cavelli battery against the fortress of Gaeta with terrible effect.

PARIS, Dec. 8.—The French Government is about to grant an amnesty to the journals for previous infractions of the press laws.

The Paris Pays announces that the Emperor of Austria is about to annul the concordat with Rome.

The funds are again better to-day, having been influenced by re-purchases to cover the accounts of previous speculative sellers. A fresh rise of ¼ per cent. has occurred, and the market is firm in character.

In the share market firmness is likewise observable.

The marriage of the Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt is definitively settled, and will be solemnized during the coming season in London.

The Empress of the French, accompanied by the Duke of Athol, visited the cattle show in Baker street yesterday.

The Government of Victor Emmanuel offered to be responsible for that part of the public debt of Rome which falls to the territory occupied by Sardinia. The Cabinet of Cardinal Antonelli met these overtures with peremptory refusal.

The number of Deputies to the Parliament of Italy, from the Neapolitan provinces, is to be 114.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons has published a very sharp pastoral letter, in reply to the circular of M. Billault, on the subject of subscriptions to the Pope.

Count Persigny's circular to the Prefects is received with almost universal favor by the Paris journals.

A St. Petersburg paper says the decree emancipating the Russian peasants has been signed by the Emperor Alexander, and that it is to be promulgated on the 1st of January.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times says that no real concessions are likely to be made to the Austro-German provinces so long as Count Rechburg is at the head of affairs. The same writer asserts that the state of things in Hungary is to all intents and purposes revolutionary.

It is reported at Paris that the new Minister of the Interior is anxious for the repeal of the laws of general safety passed after the attempt of Orsini, and for a more liberal mode of dealing with the press.

The Neapolitan army in the Roman territory has diminished to 8,000 men.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.—The Paris correspondent of the Weekly Register, a Roman Catholic paper, says the Pope has written to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, asking him to resign his place as Grand Almoner and member of the Privy Council. The Cardinal has replied, that if he resigned his civil offices, he would resign his See also. The Pope ceased to insist.

The Abbe Maret has offered his resignation to the Emperor, who replied that he should make no fresh appointments till Rome had accepted this.

The Bishop of Versailles sought an interview with the Emperor, to try and make him feel the woes of the Church, and to remind him of the end of his uncle. The Emperor listened to him patiently, with his cigar in his mouth, and at last said: "Monseigneur, your distress does you credit, but the temporal power is no longer compatible with our civilization, and we must put an end to it as I put out my cigar."

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 11.—Cotton is quiet but steady. Breadstuffs active and firm. Flour advanced 6d.@1s. Provisions dull. Rice dull. Rosin and Turpentine dull. Iron dull. Coffee steady. Tea dull. Wheat has advanced 1@2d., and Corn 6d.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester are unfavorable. The prices for yarns are easier, but the quotations unchanged. Cotton Cloths very dull

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The other day a presentation came off up town. A cup of silver was presented to a faithful supervisor by the citizens of his district. The silver was received on the part of the donors by Mr. Budd, of the Tax Receiver's Office. Mr. Budd was but slightly acquainted with the said supervisor, but nevertheless did his best in making the reception speech.

After alluding to the gratitude of the recipient for so splendid a mark of the donors' esteem, Mr. Budd, laying his hand on his vest pattern, wound up, "and lastly, ladies and gentlemen, this token of your regard and appreciation will be handed down by my friend to his children, who, when they arrive at maturity, will vie with each other for the possession of this beautiful tribute of your regard, in which their sire is now so highly honored."

The laugh comes in here. The supervisor in question not only has no children, but is, besides, a confirmed old bachelor—one of that style of bachelors who look upon children, hand-organs, and smoking chimneys as parallel nuisances. Long before Mr. Budd had concluded his speech the ladies thrust their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and stole out of the room.

Persons making presentation or reception speeches for other parties should post themselves before speaking.—*Philadelphia North American.*

☞ The Hindoo women have one advantage over their American sisters—they have no sewing to do! There is simply a long piece of cloth worn round the body in a graceful manner, forming gown, sack, bonnet and all!

☞ At Phœnixville, the other night, sitting in ——'s tavern, was a jovial corps of jokers, B—— among the rest, and each was trying to outdo the other in the heavy line. One of the crowd had the greatest father "out." "He was so spry that he could balance a forty foot ladder on one end, run up one side of it, over the top, and down the other, before it would fall." "I have seen my father," said B——, "many a time, take a forty foot ladder, run to the top of it, catch it by the top round, whirl it up another length, and go over it in the same way, before it would fall."

☞ In England the term *cattle* is applied to horses and oxen indifferently. In this country it is seldom if ever applied to horses, In Great Britain the term *black cattle* is applied to bulls, oxen, cows, and calves, and sheeps and goats are sometimes designated *small cattle*.

☞ Louis Bonaparte having at first pleaded ill-health as an excuse for declining the throne of Holland, and, having urged that the climate of that country would infallibly prove his death—"What matter?" replied Napoleon, "provided you but die upon the throne!"

☞ A FLASH OUT OF VALHALLA.—"When the doors of Valhalla are opened for a moment," says the old Norse legend—"the flash from the jewels and things of gorgeous beauty there gathered, makes the lightning, and dazzles the world."

☞ The steamer Dug-out was about starting for Salt River, and the cabin boy had just returned, after spending $25 for stores, when this conversation occurred:

Boy—"Well, captain, I've come on board with the 'small stores.'"

Captain—"What have you bought?"

Boy—"I spent twenty-four dollars for whiskey and one for bread."

Captain—"Thunder! what are we going to do with so much bread!"

☞ IRISH SKILL.—Droll, though not very logical or conclusive, was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, as he supported himself by the iron railings of Merrion Square, was advised by a passenger to take himself home. "Ah, now, be aisy; I live in the square. Isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffey."

☞ A PERFECT MAN.—The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while Heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constantly while he breathes, and break when he dies.

☞ There is a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate, a satiric smile, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts a lover before the words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.

☞ WELLINGTON SURPRISED.—A nobleman ventured, in a moment of conviviality at his Grace's table, to put this question to him: "Allow me to ask, as we are all friends here, if you were not *surprised* at Waterloo?" To which the Duke replied:—"No, but I am *now*."

☞ The Cardinal de Richelieu, when increasing every day in power, met, coming down the street of the Louvre, the Duke d'Espernon, who had formerly been the principal favorite of the King.

"What news above there, my lord Duke?" asked he.

"None," answered the other, "except you are going up, and I am coming down."

COUNT CAVOUR.

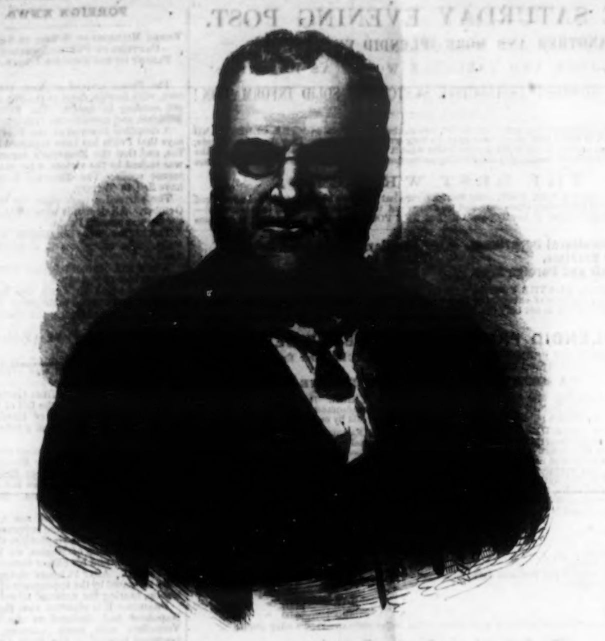
In modern warfare, whatever may have been the case in older and more barbarous times, the pen of the diplomatist is employed to finish the work of the soldier's sword, and to give a recognized stability and political status to the victories gained on the field of battle. We sometimes hear the statesmen upon whom such duty devolves censured and criticised, and placed in provoking contrast with the military or naval heroes who have achieved conquests and rendered the labor of the diplomatist practicable; but that there is a good deal of injustice in all this, every thoughtful man acknowledges. The time may come—and the sooner it comes the better—when the sword shall be sheathed forever, and the "last resource of nations," the appeal to arms, be no longer recognized. But the diplomatist will survive the soldier; congresses will be held, and treaties signed, when war shall have come to be regarded as a barbarism of the past.

Foremost in the great work of Italian liberation stand two men—the one a hero of lion heart and iron hand, leading his volunteer army, half-clad, half-drilled, half-fed, against a strong foe, and beating down that foe, winning victories that are only paralleled in the romantic stories of chivalry—this is Garibaldi. The other is a quiet, sedate man, of strong purpose and determined will, a man who labors in the routine of office, whose genius is exercised in the cabinet, and whose manly eloquence is heard in the senate—this is Cavour. Between these two men there is a striking difference, and as striking an identity. Both labor in the same cause, both entertain the same desire, both cherish the same hope; but they pursue their common end by a different route. The diplomatist, learned in the ways of courts, intimate with the intrigues of statecraft, the repository of many secrets, takes his way like a smooth stream pursuing its course by many a devious path, but steadily advancing on its track. The soldier, physically courageous, quick of eye and heavy of hand, dashes onward like a mountain torrent, bearing many an obstacle before its irresistible strength, but gaining the same goal at last.

All honor be to Garibaldi for his heroic courage and the victories which he has won with his own right arm! but let us not withhold our meed of praise from Cavour, nor think we rob the soldier's wreath by adding a leaf to the statesman's chaplet.

Cavour is the friend of Italian liberty, and has stood forward in the defence of Italian independence. He came into power and achieved an immediate popularity when M. d'Azeglio, chief adviser of the King of Sardinia, retired before a parliamentary demonstration in favor of a more advanced liberal policy than he could consistently adopt. Cavour was the man of the people, the friend of liberal institutions, the patron and promoter of all free institutions. But he was not a demagogue, who bought his popularity cheaply, by promises which could never be realized. He held clear, statesmanlike views, and was firmly attached to the constitutional and representative government of Sardinia. From his place in parliament, and by numerous manifestoes, Cavour has openly and eloquently expressed the sentiments he holds. To improve the finances of his country, to consolidate its liberal institutions, to defend it from foreign aggression, and maintain its constitutional character, have been the main features of his policy. It will be remembered that it was at Cavour's suggestion that Sardinia entered into a treaty of offensive alliance with England and France, against Russia, in 1855. Towards the close of that eventful year, he resigned his premiership, on account of certain arrangements with Rome, which he would neither conduct nor countenance—arrangements which were given up, and, in the course of a few days, led to Cavour's return to office. The Count played a conspicuous part in the Paris Congress of 1856, associated with the Marquis Villamarina, and, since that period, he has warmly supported the alliance between France and Sardinia, and labored nobly in the cause of Italian independence. But Cavour has never given himself blindly over to a cause which requires so much caution; and this apparent hesitation has cost him some share of popularity. At the opening of the Sardinian Chambers, he stated that the King's government, with regard to Venetia, could not make war upon Austria against the almost unanimous wish of the European powers. Such an enterprise, he argued, would create a formidable coalition against Italy. But in constituting a strong Italy, the cause of Venice would best be served. These reasons, he said, led the King to respect Rome. An attack on the city would occasion an immediate collision with France—"an act of ingratitude so monstrous would brand Italy with a deep disgrace, such as centuries of suffering could not obliterate." Such sentiments, sound and politic as they may be, have encountered a good deal of opposition from those who would risk all in one great effort to realize their aspirations. The misunderstanding between Garibaldi and Cavour, which threatened at one time to lead to very serious consequences, has, however, subsided; and, if we may judge from the ovation which he receives in public, Cavour is still the idol of the people. The annexation of Nice and Savoy, we incline, with the majority of impartial observers, to regard as a serious mistake, Savoy being the nucleus of the Sardinian monarchy. Reasons of state, we presume, overcame Count Cavour's patriotism.

In replying to an accusation of revolutionary tendencies, made during the debate on the Annexation Law, Count Cavour remarked:—"If our policy had been revolutionary, it would have met with a strong opposition in this senate, which is the natural guardian of conservative principles, and which includes our greatest men. I could call to mind discussions wherein the senate offered a lively opposition to a policy which was merely bold. Our policy is eminently conservative in the true sense of the term. If by a revolutionary policy is meant a policy which aims at overturning the foundations of society, and unsettling all principles, it cannot be denied that we have always resisted it. Compare the Italy of 1860 with the Italy of 1848, and it must be admitted that extreme and dangerous views have lost much ground. Italy presents now an admirable example of order and civilization. National redemption was never accompanied by less error or confusion." Referring to the events which took place in Central and Southern Italy, he said: "Italy will be at length admitted to the banquet of nations. From that moment, the monarchical principle will be strengthened, and I cannot but think that the enlightened powers of Europe will applaud our efforts.—Other powers are acting like us, and Prussia, in putting herself at the head of the movement in Germany, does not cease to be conservative. We hope that the opinion of Europe will be on our side, and the solution of other problems which remain will then be rendered easy. We have heard generous language used in regard to Venice. As to Rome, I feel bound to reply to M. Gioia, who regarded as imprudent the hope I expressed of seeing Rome become the capital of Italy. I admit the difficulty of the question, and, if I did not expect to see a change in the disposition of the Roman court, I should despair. But (continued Count Cavour) I believe that the example of liberty, honestly carried out, will alter the feelings of that court. The principle of liberty of conscience is new; Protestants themselves did not appeal to it. The principle of the separation of the two powers is new. The past, therefore, can shed no light on the future. But I hope that this principle will reconcile the chiefs of Catholicity with modern society, and will facilitate the co-existence at Rome of the head of the Church and the King of Italy."



COUNT CAVOUR, THE SARDINIAN MINISTER.

MEET ME BY THE STILE, BESSIE.

Oh, meet me by the stile, Bessie,
Beyond the rippling brook,
Where first I won thy smile, Bessie,
Thy sweet, bewitching look;—
There meet me when the weary sun
Is setting in the west,
When, after it's day's course is run,
It sinks beneath the crest;—
Then meet me by the stile, Bessie,
Beyond the rippling brook,
Where first I won thy smile, Bessie,
Thy sweet, bewitching look.

'Tis time that we should part, Bessie,
Though parting fosters pain;
Oh, fare thee well, sweetheart Bessie,
Until we meet again.
The placid night is fading fast,
Then dawns the new-born day,
Which, with a smile, may vanish past
And welcome evening's ray;—
To meet me by the stile, Bessie,
Beyond the rippling brook,
Where first I won thy smile, Bessie,
Thy sweet, bewitching look.

Furs on Beautiful Women.—There is nothing that looks so rich, easy and comfortable as a beautiful piece of fur wrapped around a beautiful piece of womanhood. Furs, like gold and silver, have always been highly estimated by the human family and "the rest of mankind." Rich furs were for many ages used as gifts from one prince to another—nobody less than a prince being allowed to wear them. The sumptuary laws which once existed with regard to the wearing of furs, were at once numerous and stringent. In the days of Henry VII. it was two years' imprisonment for any person below a baronet to wear a piece of ermine "as large as your hand." Those absurd laws, however, have all been repealed, so that a person at the present time can go his length on furs—the only limit to his taste being his pocket-book and creditors.

☞ "I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

INFANTS EATING AND SLEEPING.

In our new book on Sleep, as to the importance of sleeping soundly and in a pure atmosphere, the following suggestions are for the abatement of the nuisance of crying and colicky babies, for how can a poor fellow, who has been working hard all day in brain or body, get any kind of rest, repose, and recuperation, when there is a little responsibility a yawping and a squirming around, as if a young boa constrictor were experimenting on every bone of its body!—We would just like to know how it is possible to get even a scintillation of a doze, under the very afflicting and inflicting circumstances of the case. Now for the remedy, at least in part.

An infant should not be allowed to sleep for several hours previous to its bed-time, which should be about one hour after sundown, when it should be fed and put to sleep. When the mother retires, it should be fed again; then if the crib be on the same level with the bed, and close to it with the side let down, the mother can place the child in it without straining herself. At the end of several hours, hunger will wake it up, when it can be nursed, replaced in its crib, and sleep soundly until the morning, if it has not been allowed to sleep too long or too late in the afternoon, and thus afford the wearied mother a delicious night's rest, to arise in the morning with a renovated system, refreshed, thankful, and hopeful, and ready to enter on the duties of the day with a light and cheerful heart. On the other hand, in consequence of bad management and a want of system as to the times of eating and sleeping for the nurseling, and by keeping it in the same bed with her, it becomes restless, it wakes up a dozen times perhaps in a night, and each time, by some noise or motion, rouses the mother, with the result of depriving her of that rest and repose which she so much requires, and the morning finds the body still weary, the mind discouraged and depressed, totally unfitted for the proper discharge of household duties, as is too plainly indicated by the expression of listlessness and sadness which pervades the features. Indeed, a mother can better afford to eat too little than to sleep too little, but by arranging to have the regularities named carried out for several nights in succession, there will be a happy change in all respects. When a child is six months old, it can safely fast five or six hours if asleep, and, as before, if fed a little before sun-down, it should be put to bed a little later, and not be allowed to take anything more until the mother retires for the night, which may be about ten o'clock, and if nursed then, it need not be repeated until the morning, thus allowing the mother to have her "first" sleep uninterrupted, a consummation so earnestly desired by many an overtaxed wife, but which she is unable to arrange for want of a little thought, firmness, and management. The reader is earnestly requested to make particular note of it, that the seeds of a lifetime suffering, if not an early death, are sown in the constitutions of children by their own mothers during the nursing period. Millions of children die before they are two years old, by a wrong system of feeding, originating in the ignorance of the parents. The instinct and the highest pleasure of the new-born child is to eat, it is the balm for all its cries, it hushes every complaint. The young mother soon finds this out, and putting it to the breast is the panacea for infant fretfulness. But it soon happens that the stomach is overtaxed. A second feeding occurs before the first has been disposed of; the stomach is thus kept working all the time, and soon has not the strength to work any longer, and the food being unacted upon, begins to ferment, turns sour, generates wind, and this is the "colic" of infancy. Colic gives pain, pain excites crying, to quiet which food is given, or "soothing" syrups are administered, with the inevitable result, in all cases, of exaggerating the trouble sooner or later; and in countless instances there is a speedy and entire breaking down of the system, and death ends the outrage, as to the child, but in the meanwhile, by reason of the child's sufferings, many a night has been passed in sleeplessness by both parents.—*Hall's Journal.*

OUT OF THE GRAVE.

BY W. WINTER.

The autumn wind is wild in all the leaves,
And the long grass is rustling on my grave;
Ah, would you have me think your heart still grieves
For one you would not save?

For I am dead! Know you not I am dead?
Why do you haunt me in my grave to-night?
Standing above and listening overhead,
Where I am buried deep, and out of sight!

Have you not wine and music in your home,
And the fair form and eyes so pure and proud
With love of you?—and wherefore do you come
To vex me, lying silent in my shroud?

Seek your new love! she calls you, and the tears
Are warm on her pale face, and her young breast
Is full of doubt and sorrow, and she hears
Low whispered words that warn her from her rest.

In from the night! the storm begins to stir!
I will be near, and ghostly eyes shall see
How you will kiss her lips and say to her,
"Thine always, Love,"—as once you said to me!
—*N. Y. Sat'y Press.*

MIGRATIONS OF THE BUFFALO.

There is a feature in the migratory character of the buffalo not generally known, except to hunters, and that is, that the vast body of the herd is never found in the same district of country two seasons in succession. The buffalo of North America form an immense army marching in one continuous circuit, but perhaps three-fourths of the entire number of which are found within a range of from two to three hundred miles. Thus, where buffalo are abundant one year, they are fewer the next, and fewer still the next, until the great body having completed its circuit, again makes its appearance. This circuit is completed in about four years. Its western limit is the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and its eastern is bounded by a marginal outline of civilization, extending from the British settlements on the north to northern Texas on the south. The range of latitude traversed has for many years been about twenty-three degrees, extending from the Cross Timbers of Texas to the tributaries of Lake Winnipeg on the North. The band travel southward on the eastern line and northward on the western, never crossing the Rocky Mountains. The comparative proximity of these lines, being at some points not over five hundred miles, accounts for the presence of buffalo, in relatively small numbers, throughout the entire area embraced within the lines of travel.—*San Francisco Alta-California.*

First Notice of the Pianoforte in England.—We have evidence that the pianoforte was known in England about 1767, as it was introduced that year on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, as "a new instrument." An old play-bill, in the possession of Messrs. Broadwood, bearing date the 16th of May, 1767, setting forth the performance of "The Beggar's Opera," contains the following notification:—"End of Act 1, Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin, on a new instrument, called Pianoforte." Backers, a German, is supposed to have been the first who manufactured the pianoforte to any considerable extent in England, and the nameboard of a piano, inscribed "Americus Backers, Factor et Inventor, Jermyn-street, London, 1776," is still in existence.

SANITARY SCIENCE.

FROM THE LONDON "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

Many of the Levitical laws are sanitary laws. In the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus, and beginning at the thirty-third verse, we have the signs of leprosy and plague in houses described, and means of removing or destroying such leprosy and plague set forth. The description is not more curious than it is true of houses in the present day. There are at this time in London, and in Great Britain generally, as also over the whole of the known world, sites and houses with subsoils so tainted, and the walls of the houses so leprous, plague-stricken, and foul, that entire removal of such houses, and of the material, is the only safe remedy. Some of our hospital surgeons could have defined streets, and even houses, from which patients, suffering under certain forms of malignant diseases, were regularly brought, and had been brought, for years. With a destruction of such houses there has been a cessation of that form of virulence in the particular class of disease. "And he shall break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the mortar of the house; and he shall carry them forth out of the city, into an unclean place."

Examine the cities in the East, and we shall find pre-eminent ignorance of Sanitary law, and consequent filth, squalor, and human misery, disease and premature death. The entire subsoil is a vast mass of putrid and putrefying human and animal refuse and ordure. Recently, in Calcutta, the workmen employed to excavate the trenches for laying gas-pipes died from the effects of the noxious gases liberated by breaking through the upper oxydised crust of foul deposit, the accumulation of years. Sunshine, rain, and wind are most powerful disinfectors; if it were not so, the sites of cities and houses would long since have become more deadly than the emanations from the upas-tree of fable.

Owners of estates and builders of houses are alike ignorant of sanitary laws, even now in this our day, or alike careless as to consequences. Architects design and execute cloud-capp'd towers, solemn temples, and gorgeous palaces, but only that these buildings, with richly-carved outsides, may become vast poison generators, health destroyers, and life shorteners. In this huge metropolis no real remedy is applied to the sanitary evils existing, nor does a remedy form any portion of the gigantic plans of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Outlet sewers will not purify the miles of sewers now ruinous and choked with foul deposit. Disinfecting may be a slight palliative, but it is not an effectual remedy. The Queen, Lords, and Commons, fare no better in their new, and gorgeous palace at Westminster than the poorest subject in the realm. The architect has elaborated the outside of the building with carvings in endless repetitions, whilst within there is rottenness generating the seeds of disease and premature death. This "gorgeous building" has been placed on a sight below the level of river floods and daily tides. All the sewers and drains are within the "richly-carved walls; all the traps and sinks connect every apartment with such drains and sewers; and the foul contents are retained by river flood and tidal waters, to ferment and give off the injurious gases of decomposition. The government of the day had the wisdom to consider the question of ventilation, and some hundred thousands of pounds sterling have been laid out, and many thousands are annually expended, to work the ventilating apparatus provided. The architect did not, however, believe in the ventilating doctor; and, consequently little besides cost, blundering, quarrelling, and law expenses, have come of the money expended on ventilation. The corridors and the committee-rooms are totally unventilated.

London is said to be "the best-sewered large city in the world," and this, no doubt, is true. But London sewers require many improvements. The flat inverts and ruinous sides retain all the foul solids, and the subsoil soaks in the tainted fluids, so that the earth beneath and the air above are alike poisoned. The greater portion of the sewers in Westminster, around and within Buckingham Palace, and about Belgravia, have been constructed of bad sectional forms, with defective, spongy, porous bricks and inferior mortar, and are, consequently, inefficient. Fever has prevailed in the neighborhood.

The foul sewers of London taint the atmosphere in the streets, and through drains, contaminate the air within the houses. Many of the inhabitants of London judge as to changes of weather by the effluvia from their drains. During the so-called disinfecting operations of last summer, the peculiar taint of certain disinfecting material, passed down the main sewers, was perceived within the houses on each side of the streets: proving that sewer gases constantly have access to the interior of such houses.

The fashionable novelist describes vast mansions, surrounded by park and gardens, where servants, in gorgeous liveries, attend the noble and wealthy of the land. In this England of ours, many such houses bear names renowned in history, and are celebrated in song. The fashionable novelist would write something as follows: "Before us stood the embattled walls of this famous castle, out of whose gates, lords, knights, and ladies rode forth to partake of the excitements of the chases in the wide-spreading meadows and extensive woods around." Or, "The traveller arrived before the entrance to the park. An elaborately polished stone archway, gates of cunning workmanship, richly edged with gold, lodge and gateway bearing the arms of the noble family, stood partially shrouded amidst fullgrown trees. A neatly-kept carriage-drive led on through forest trees centuries old, amidst which antlered deer bounded in native freedom. At each turn of the road some new beauty was opened to view; until at length glimpses were seen of grass and water, and then was fully revealed a breadth of lake and lawn; above which, terrace on terrace, rose the palace-like residence of his Grace." There are many seats in England more picturesque than the words even of the novelist can paint. Nature and art combine to make a perfect whole. Within, we tread polished floors and velvet pile to examine the evidences of luxury and taste. Every square yard of wall and ceiling has been an artistic study. Windows of colored glass light up hall and corridor with rainbow-tinted shadows. Great artists are represented in cabinet pictures bearing fabulous prices. Wealth, judgment, and refined taste have accomplished all that money could do to make a luxurious and comfortable abode for intellect and worth. Sanitary knowledge has alone been absent.

The castle may be surrounded with remains of a moat, the whole basement subsoil may be damp and rotten, so that leprous blotches of mildew and decay are spread over floors and walls. The mansion, in its beautiful grounds, may stand upon a wet subsoil, ever damp and cold. The architect was skilled in all the learning of the Greeks and Romans, in grouping useless columns to bear incongruous pediments, filled with unmeaning sculpture. There may be no room for even an architectural pedant to find fault, as there is "precedent" for every line, and for every break, and for every form. The elevation in central mass and wings, from ground to sky line, is presumed to be "perfect." Yet, who has thought of sanitary arrangements? Not the architect. The family physician, generation after generation, visits and prescribes in crampy-written Latin. The grand house swarms with quadruped vermin, the natives in the adjoining village know when the family is at home or from home by the migrating movement of the rats. Servants suffer from rheumatism and fever, ladies may have died of consumption, and several heirs to the illustrious house may have been gathered to their fathers in babyhood. There has been fresh decorating, renewed painting and gilding, additional pictures and statuary. But, year by year, foul subsoil, foul drains, and foul sewers become still fouler.

Here is no over-statement. There are few houses in which, or about which, there are not some causes of discomfort which are easily removable. The sewers may be too large and not sufficiently ventilated, the drains may honeycomb the basement and not remove the refuse passed into them, the water may be hard, the tanks and cisterns may be in improper places, and may also be neglected, and foul with deposited sediment. Basements, halls, staircases, corridors, and rooms may be unventilated, a considerable number of the rooms may be permanently without sunshine, and some even without any direct sunlight. A princely income will not secure health to any person voluntarily, or otherwise, passing the greater part of his time in such character of house. An untainted subsoil, a thoroughly ventilated basement, large and lofty rooms, exposed to direct sunshine, pure water, preserved pure for use, afford a chance of health and comfort. Carving, gilding, rich carpets, costly works of art, and close and dark rooms, may only contribute to splendid misery.

There are many houses in Great Britain which have inherited evil reputations; there is a "ghost's room," or "a ghost's corridor," or "a ghost's tower," or "a ghost's terrace." The true ghost's walk is, however, in the basement; among and through fetid drains and foul sewers, the ghost's reception-chambers are ancient cesspools, and the ghost's nectar is drawn from tainted wells and neglected water cisterns. There are British ghosts; but there are also continental ghosts, if possible, more terrible; the chilling palaces of Italy, the gilded splendors of Paris, are alike ghost-haunted. Your only exorcist is the sanitary engineer.

CURIOUS TRICK.

We were once witnesses of a "fact" quite as marvelous as any of the table turnings. In a friendly gathering, a gentleman, well known to us, produced a little skeleton cut out of cardboard, which he undertook should dance on the ground as long as he whistled. He seated himself in the centre of the room, balanced the skeleton a moment on its feet, and then began to whistle. To our great astonishment and amusement we saw the skeleton, completely unsupported, standing upright and dancing with ludicrous energy. Inasmuch as no one imagined this to be produced by a spirit, every one was eager to explain how the skeleton moved. Nothing could be more evident than that the skeleton was not touched by the whistler. Perhaps it was sustained by a magnet? No. Perhaps an indivisible horse-hair was attached to the skeleton, and held between the teeth of the whistler? To ascertain this, several of us passed our hands between the skeleton and the gentleman; but there was nothing there. In short, all our ingenuity failed to discover how the trick was performed; and if we had been placed in a witness-box, we might have sworn that we saw a cardboard skeleton, totally unsupported, stand on the carpet and dance while a gentleman whistled to it. But we should not have sworn that no physical agencies could have effected this; that would have been rather more than our evidence warranted: the utmost we could have sworn to was, that we neither detected the agency nor conceived how the skeleton was moved.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Experience.—There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, even under a misfortune, was happy—happy in a wife he passionately loved; her voice was sweet and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (had he been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and curing the disease, restored the husband to sight, which he chiefly valued as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks, and sees a face hideous in ugliness! He is restored to sight, but his happiness is over. Is not this our history? Our cruel physician is Experience.

"HIS WAYS PAST FINDING OUT."

Strange are Thy ways, though sweet,
In whom all sweetness and all wisdom meet.
For since the cross of fire must prove us Thine,—
Thy purest light through deepest darkness shine,—
The roughest waves precede the calmest calm,—
The thirsting soul through long and sore distress
Attain the fountain in the wilderness,—
Through perilous pains the bright, undying palm;
Since nearness unto Thee must still be won
Through woes whereat we cry, "Undone! undone!"
Strange are Thy ways, though sweet.

Sweet are Thy ways, though strange;
Whose love, through all, doth know no shadow of change;
For after iron bonds and fiery cross,
Darkness, and thirst, and need and pain and loss,
The stony land and whelming, pitiless sea,
Drawing, through these, still nearer unto Thee,
In inner silence of the soul, we move
At last, upheld by such an infinite love,
Such walls of strength our helplessness defend,
We wondering cry, "Oh, Helper, Healer, Friend,
Sweet are Thy ways, though strange!"

Strange are the ways, though sweet,
Through which Thy wondrous works Thou dost complete.
After Eternity's dread silences,
And slow upheaval from the ancient seas,
And life and strength and bloom evanished,
The growths and deaths of stately æons fled,—
The perfect world begins her song sublime;
And all the elder sons of light, what time
The irradiate morn looks forth on Paradise,
Drink in that joy, and sing in glad surprise,
"Thy ways are strange and sweet."

Sweet are the ways, though strange,
By which Thou bring'st through want and woe and change,
Through all the centuries of slow advance,
The o'erwearied world to full deliverance.
She waits—the night far spent—and so must wait,
The sorrowing soul perplexed and desolate,
Till the dawn breaks, and shadows flee away.
Turn thou, beloved of God, to rise one day
And sing with saints and heavenly sanctities,
"Oh, King, Oh, Love, most tender and most wise,
Thy ways are strange and sweet."

—*Independent.*

MY SPANISH SWEETHEART.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "DR. THORNE," "CASTLE RICHMOND," "FRAMLY PARSONAGE," &C.

I looked around, and saw that we had been joined by a young cavalier, a Spanish nobleman, as I saw at once; a man with jet-black hair, and a straight nose, and a black moustache, and patent leather boots, very slim and very tall, and—though I would not confess it then—uncommonly handsome. I myself am inclined to be stout, my hair is light, my nose broad, I have no hair on my upper lip, and my whiskers are rough and uneven. "I could punch your head though, my fine fellow," said I to myself, when I saw that he placed himself at Maria's side, "and think very little of the achievement."

The wretch went on with us round the Plaza for some quarter of an hour, talking Spanish with the greatest fluency, and she was every whit as fluent. Of course, I could not understand a word that they said. Of all positions that a man can occupy, I think that is about the most uncomfortable; and I cannot say that, even up to this day, I have quite forgiven her for that quarter of an hour.

"I shall go in," said I, unable to bear my feelings, and preparing to leave her; "the heat is unendurable."

"Oh, dear John, why did you not speak before?" she answered. "You cannot leave me here, you know, as I am in your charge; but I will go with you almost directly." And then she finished her conversation with the Spaniard, speaking with an animation she had never displayed in her conversations with me.

It had been agreed between us, for two or three days before this, that we were to rise early on the following morning for the sake of ascending the tower of the Cathedral, and visiting the Giralda, as the iron figure is called, which turns upon a pivot on the extreme summit. We had often wandered together up and down the long, dark, gloomy aisle of the stupendous building, and had, together, seen its treasury of art; but as yet we had not performed the task which has to be achieved by all visitors to Seville; and in order that we might have a clear view over the surrounding country, and not be tormented by the heat of an advanced sun, we had settled that we would ascend to the Giralda before breakfast.

And now, as I walked away from the Plaza towards Mr. Daguilar's house, with Maria by my side, I made up my mind that I would settle my business during this visit to the Cathedral. Yes, and I would so manage the settlement that there should be no doubt left as to my intentions and my own ideas. I would not be guilty of shilly-shally conduct; I would tell her frankly what I felt and what I thought, and would make her understand that I did not desire her hand if I could not have her heart. I did not value the kindness of her manner, seeing that that kindness sprang from indifference rather than passion; and so I would declare to her. And I would ask her also who was this young man with whom she was so intimate—for whom all her energy and volubility of tone seemed to be employed? She had told me once that it behoved her to consult a friend in Seville as to the expediency of her marriage with me. Was this the friend whom she had wished to consult? If so, she need not trouble herself. Under such circumstances, I should decline the connection. And I resolved that I would find out how this might be. A man who proposes to take a woman to his bosom as his wife, has a right to ask for information—ay, and to receive it too. It flashed upon my mind at this moment that Donna Maria was well enough inclined to come to me as my wife, but— I could hardly define the "buts" to myself, for there were three or four of them. Why did she always speak to me in a tone of childish affection, as though I were a schoolboy home for the holidays? I would have all this out with her on the tower on the following morning, standing under the Giralda.

On that morning we met together in the patio, soon after five o'clock, and started for the Cathedral. She looked beautiful, with her black mantilla over her head, and with black gloves on, and her black morning silk dress—beautiful, composed, and at her ease, as though she were well satisfied to undertake this early morning walk from feelings of good nature—sustained, probably, by some under-current of a deeper sentiment. Well; I would know all about it before I returned to her father's house.

There hardly stands, as I think, on the earth a building more remarkable than the Cathedral of Seville, and hardly one more grand. Its enormous size; its gloom and darkness; the richness of ornamentation in the details, contrasted with the severe simplicity of the larger outlines; the variety of its architecture; the glory of its paintings; and, the wondrous splendors of its metallic decorations, its altar-pieces, screens, rails, gates, and the like, render it, to my mind, the first in interest among churches. It has not the colored glass of Chartres, or the marble glory of Milan, or such a forest of aisles as Antwerp, or so perfect a hue in stone as Westminster; nor in mixed beauty of form and color does it possess anything equal to the choir of Cologne; but, for combined magnificence and awe-compelling grandeur, I regard it as superior to all other ecclesiastical edifices.

It is its deep gloom with which the stranger is so greatly struck on his first entrance. In a region so hot as the south of Spain a cool interior is a main object with the architect, and this it has been necessary to effect by the exclusion of light; consequently, the church is dark, mysterious, and almost cold. On the morning in question, as we entered, it seemed to be filled with gloom, and the distant sound of a slow footstep here and there beyond the transept inspired one almost with dread. Maria, when she first met me, had begun to talk with her usual smile, offering me coffee and a biscuit before I started. "I never eat biscuits," I said, with almost a severe tone, as I turned from her. That dark-haired man of the Plaza—would she have offered him a cake had she been going to walk with him in the gloom of the morning? After that, little had been spoken between us. She walked by my side with her accustomed smile; but she had, as I flattered myself, begun to learn that I was not to be won by a meaningless good nature. "We are lucky in our morning for the view;" that was all she said, speaking with that peculiarly clear, but slow, pronunciation which she had assumed in learning our language.

We entered the Cathedral, and, walking the whole length of the aisle, left it again at the porter's porch at the further end. Here we passed through a low door on to the stone flight of steps, and at once began to ascend. "There are a party of your countrymen up before us," said Maria, "the porter says that they went through the lodge half an hour since." "I hope they will return before we are on the top," said I, bethinking myself of the task that was before me. And indeed my heart was hardly at ease within me, for that which I had to say would require all the spirit of which I was master.

The ascent to the Giralda is very long and very fatiguing; and we had to pause on the various landings and in the singular belfry in order that Miss Daguilar might recruit her strength and breath. As we rested on one of these occasions, in a gallery, which runs round the tower below the belfry, we heard a great noise of shouting, and a clattering of sticks among the bells. "It is the party of your countrymen who went up before us," said she. "What a pity that Englishmen should always make so much noise!" And then she spoke in Spanish to the custodian of the bells, who is usually to be found in a little cabin up there within the tower. "He says that they went up shouting like demons," continued Maria; and it seemed to me that she looked as though I ought to be ashamed of the name of an Englishman. "They may not be so solemn in their demeanor as Spaniards," I answered, "but, for all that, there may be quite as much in them."

We then again began to mount, and before we had ascended much further we passed my three countrymen. They were young men, with gray coats and gray trowsers, with slouched hats, and without gloves. They had fair faces and fair hair, and swung big sticks in their hands, with crooked handles. They laughed and talked loud, and, when we met them, seemed to be racing with each other; but, nevertheless, they were gentlemen. No one who knows by sight what an English gentleman is, could have doubted that; but I did acknowledge to myself that they should have remembered that the edifice they were treading, was a church, and that the silence they were invading, was the cherished property of a courteous people.

"They are all just the same as big boys," said Maria. The color instanly flew into my face, and I felt that it was my duty to speak up for my own countrymen. The word "boys" especially wounded my ears. It was as a boy that she treated me; but, on looking at that befringed young Spanish Don—who was not, apparently, my elder in age—she had recognized a man. However, I said nothing further till I reached the summit. One cannot speak with manly dignity while one is out of breath on a staircase.

"There, John," she said, stretching her hands away over the fair plain of the Guadalquivir, as soon as we stood against the parapet; "is not that lovely?"

I would not deign to notice this. "Maria," I said, "I think that you are too hard upon my countrymen!"

"Too hard! No; for I love them. They are so good and industrious; and they come home to their wives, and take care of their children. But why do they make themselves so—so what the French call, *gauches!*"

"Good, and industrious, and come home to their wives!" thought I. "I believe you hardly understand us as yet," I answered. "Our domestic virtues are not always so very prominent; but I believe we know how to conduct ourselves as gentlemen—at any rate, as well as Spaniards." I was very angry—not at the faults, but at the good qualities imputed to us.

"In affairs of business, yes," said Maria, with a look of firm confidence in her own opinion—that look of confidence she has never lost, and I pray that she may never lose it while I remain with her—"but in the little intercourses of the world, no! A Spaniard never forgets what is personally due either to himself or to his neighbors. If he is eating an onion, he eats it as an onion should be eaten."

"In such matters as that he is very grand, no doubt," said I, angrily.

"And why should you not eat an onion properly, John? Now, I heard a story yesterday from Don ——, about two Englishmen, which annoyed me very much." I did not exactly catch the name of the Don in question, but I felt, through every nerve in my body, that it was the man who had been talking to her on the Plaza.

"And what have they done?" said I. "But it is the same everywhere. We are always abused; but, nevertheless, no people are so welcome. At any rate, we pay for the mischief we do." I was angry with myself the moment the words were out of my mouth; for, after all, there is no feeling more mean than that pocket-confidence with which an Englishman sometimes swaggers.

"There was no mischief done in this case," she answered; "it was simply that two men have made themselves ridiculous forever.—The story is all about Seville, and, of course, it annoys me that they should be Englishmen."

"And what did they do?"

"The Marquis D'Almavivas was coming up to Seville in the boat, and they behaved to him in the most outrageous manner. He is here now, and is going to give a series of *fetes.* Of course he will not ask a single Englishman."

"We shall manage to live, even though the Marquis D'Almavivas may frown upon us," said I, proudly.

"He is the richest and also the best of our noblemen," continued Maria; "and I never heard of anything so absurd as what they did to him. It made me blush when Don —— told me."

Don Tomas I thought she said.

"If he be the best of your noblemen, how comes it that he is angry because he has met two vulgar men? It is not to be supposed that every Englishman is a gentleman."

"Angry! Oh, no! he was not angry; he enjoyed the joke too much for that. He got completely the best of them, though they did not know it, poor fools! How would your Lord John Russell behave if two Spaniards in an English railway carriage were to pull him about and tear his clothes?"

"He would give them in charge to a policeman, of course," said I, speaking of such a matter with the contempt it deserved.

"If that were done here, your ambassador would be demanding national explanations. But Almavivas did much better—he laughed at them without letting them know it."

"But do you mean that they took hold of him violently, without any provocation? They must have been drunk!"

"Oh, no, they were sober enough. I did not see it, so I do not quite know exactly how it was, but I understand that they committed themselves most absurdly; absolutely took hold of his coat and tore it, and ——; but they did such ridiculous things that I cannot tell you."

And yet Don Tomas, if that was the man's name, had been able to tell her, and she had been well able to listen to him.

"What made them take hold of the marquis?" said I.

"Curiosity, I suppose," she answered. "He dresses somewhat fancifully, and they could not understand that any one should wear garments different from their own."

OLD CLOTH-HALL OF YPRES.

Ypres, pronounced Ee-p'r is a fortified town of Belgium. It was once a great manufacturing town; witness the above engraving of its stately Cloth Hall, one wing of which is now used as a City Hall. Its manufacturing prosperity, however, has long since departed—although it is by no means destitute even now of manufacturing establishments. So prosperity grows, flourishes, and dies.

But even then the blow did not strike home upon me.

"Is it not pretty to look down upon the quiet town?" she said, coming close up to me, so that the skirt of her dress pressed me, and her elbow touched my arm. Now was the moment in which I should have asked her how her heart stood towards me; but I was sore and uncomfortable, and my destiny was before me. She was willing enough to let these English faults pass by, without further notice, but I would not allow the subject to drop.

"I will find out who these men are," said I, "and learn the truth of it. When did it occur?"

"Last Thursday, I think he said."

"Why, that was the day we came up in the boat, Johnson and myself. There was no marquis there then, and we were the only Englishmen on board."

"It was on Thursday, certainly, because it was well known in Seville that he arrived on that day. You must have remarked him, because he talks English perfectly, though, by-the-by, these men would go on chattering before him about himself as though it were impossible that a Spaniard should know their language. They are ignorant of Spanish, and they cannot bring themselves to believe that any one should be better educated than themselves."

Now the blow had fallen, and I straightway appreciated the necessity of returning immediately to Clapham, where my family resided, and giving up forever all idea of Spanish connections. I had resolved to assert the full strength of my manhood on that tower, and now words had been spoken which left me weak as a child. I felt that I was shivering, and did not dare to pronounce the truth which must be made known. As to speaking of love, and signifying my pleasure that Don Tomas should for the future be kept at a distance, any such effort was quite beyond me. Had Don Tomas been there, he might have walked off with her from before my face without a struggle on my part.

"Now I remember about it," she continued, "I think he must have been in the boat on Thursday."

"And now that I remember," I replied, turning away from her to hide my embarrassment, "he was there. Your friend down below in the Plaza seems to have made out a grand story. No doubt he is not fond of the English. There was such a man there, and I did take hold—"

"Oh, John, was it you?"

"Yes, Donna Maria, it was I; and if Lord John Russell were to dress himself in the same way—" But I had no time to complete my description of what might occur under so extravagantly impossible a concatenation of circumstances, for, as I was yet speaking, the little door leading out on to the leads of the tower was opened, and my friend, the "mayo" of the boat, still bearing all his gewgaws on his back, stepped up on to the platform. My eye instantly perceived that the one pendule was still missing from his jacket. He did not come alone, but three other gentlemen followed him, who, however, had no peculiarities in their dress. He saw me at once, and bowed and smiled; and then observing Donna Maria, he lifted his cap from his head, and addressing himself to her in Spanish, began to converse with her as though she were an old friend.

"Senor," said Maria, after the first words of greeting had been spoken between them, "you must permit me to present to you my father's most particular friend—and my own, Mr. Pomfret; John, this is the Marquis D'Almavivas."

I cannot now describe the grace with which this introduction was effected, or the beauty of her face as she uttered the words. There was a boldness about her as though she had said out loud, "I know it all—the whole story. But, in spite of that, you must take him on my representation, and be gracious to him in spite of what he has done. You must be content to do that; or in quarrelling with him you must quarrel with me also." And it was done at the spur of the moment—without delay. She, who not five minutes since had been loudly condemning the unknown Englishman for his rudeness, had already pardoned him, now that he was known to be her friend, and had determined that he should be pardoned by others also, or that she would share his disgrace. I recognized the nobleness of this at the moment; but, nevertheless, I was so sore that I would almost have preferred that she should have disowned me.

The marquis immediately lifted his cap with his left hand while he gave me his right.

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman," he said; "we had some conversation in the boat together."

"Yes," said I, pointing to his coat, "and you still bear the marks of our encounter."

"Was it not delightful, Donna Maria," he continued, turning to her; "your friend's friend took me for a torero."

"And it served you properly, senor," said Donna Maria, laughing; "you have no right to go about with all those rich ornaments upon you."

"Oh! quite properly; indeed, I make no complaint; and I must beg your friend to understand, and his friend also, how grateful I am for their solicitude as to my pecuniary welfare. They were inclined to be severe on me for being so extravagant in such trifles. I was obliged to explain that I had no wife at home kept without her proper allowance of dresses, in order that I might be gay."

"They are foreigners, and you should forgive their error," said she.

"And in token that I do so," said the marquis, "I shall beg your friend to accept the little ornament which attracted his attention." And, so saying, he pulled the identical button out of his pocket, and gracefully proffered it to me.

"I shall carry it about with me always," said I, accepting it, "as a memento of humiliation. When I look at it, I shall ever remember the folly of an Englishman and the courtesy of a Spaniard;" and as I made the speech I could not but reflect whether it might, under any circumstances, be possible that Lord John Russell should be induced to give a button off his coat to a foreigner.

There were other civil speeches made, and before we left the tower the marquis had asked me to his parties, and exacted from me an unwilling promise that I would attend them.

"The senora," he said, bowing again to Maria, "would, he was sure, grace them. She had done so the previous year; and as I had accepted his little present I was bound to acknowledge him as my friend." All this was very pretty, and of course I said that I would go, but I had not at that time the slightest intention of doing so. Maria had behaved admirably; she had covered my confusion, and shown herself not ashamed to own me, delinquent as I was; but not the less had she expressed her opinion, in language terribly strong, of the awkwardness of which I had been guilty, and had shown almost an aversion to my English character. I should leave Seville as quickly as I could, and should certainly not again put myself in the way of the Marquis D'Almavivas. Indeed, I dreaded the moment that I should be first alone with her, and should find myself forced to say something indicative of my feelings—to hear something also indicative of her feelings. I had come out this morning resolved to demand my rights and to exercise them—and now my only wish was to run away. I hated the marquis, and longed to be alone, that I might cast his button from me. To think that a man should be so ruined by such a trifle.

We descend that prodigious flight without a word upon the subject, and almost without a word at all. She had carried herself well in the presence of Almavivas, and had been too proud to seem ashamed of her companion; but now, as I could well see, her feeling of disgust and contempt had returned. When I begged her not to hurry herself, she would hardly answer me; and when she did speak, her voice was constrained and unlike herself. And yet, how beautiful she was! Well, my dream of Spanish love must be over. But I was sure of this: that having known her, and given her my heart, I could never afterwards share it with another.

We came out at last on to the dark, gloomy aisle of the Cathedral, and walked together without a word up along the side of the choir, till we came to the transept. There was not a soul near us, and not a sound was to be heard but the distant, low pattering of a mass, then in course of celebration at some far-off chapel in the Cathedral. When we got to the transept, Maria turned a little, as though she was going to the transept door, and then stopped herself. She stood still; and when I stood also, she made two steps towards me, and put her hand on my arm.

"Oh, John!" she said.

"Well," said I, "after all, it does not much signify. You can make a joke of it when my back is turned."

"Dearest John!"—she had never spoken to me in that way before—"you must not be angry with me. It is better that we should explain to each other, is it not?"

"Oh, much better. I am very glad you heard of it at once. I do not look at it quite in the same light that you do; but nevertheless—"

"What do you mean? But I know you are angry with me. And yet you cannot think that I intended those words for you. Of course I know now that there was nothing rude in what passed."

"Oh, but there was."

"No, I am sure there was not. You could not be rude, though you are so free-hearted. I see it all now, and so does the marquis. You will like him so much when you come to know him. Tell me that you won't be cross with me for what I have said. Sometimes I think that I have displeased you, and yet my whole wish has been to welcome you to Seville, and to make you comfortable as an old friend. Promise me that you will not be cross with me."

Cross with her! I certainly had no intention of being cross; but I had begun to think that she would not care what my humor might be.

"Maria," I said, taking hold of her hand.

"No, John, do not do that. It is in the church, you know."

"Maria, will you answer me a question?"

"Yes," she said, very slowly, looking down upon the stone slabs beneath our feet.

"Do you love me?"

"Love you!"

"Yes, do you love me? You were to give me an answer here, in Seville, and now I ask for it. I have almost taught myself to think that it is needless to ask; and now this horrid mischance—"

"What do you mean?" said she, speaking very quickly.

"Why, this miserable blunder about the marquis's button! After that, I suppose—"

"The marquis! Oh, John, is that to make a difference between you and me?—a little joke like that?"

"But does it not?"

"Make a change between us!—such a thing as that! Oh, John, John!"

"But tell me, Maria, what am I to hope? If you will say that you can love me, I shall care nothing for the marquis. In that case, I can bear to be laughed at."

"Who will dare to laugh at you? Not the marquis, whom I am sure you will like."

"Your friend in the Plaza who told you of all this."

"What, poor Tomas?"

"I do not know about his being poor—I mean the gentleman who was with you last night."

"Yes, Tomas. You do not know who he is?"

"Not in the least."

"How droll! He is your own clerk—partly your own, now that you are one of the firm. And, John, I mean to make you do something for him; he is such a good fellow; and last year he married a young girl whom I love—oh, almost like a sister."

Do something for him! Of course I would. I promised, then and there, that I would raise his salary to any conceivable amount that a Spanish clerk could desire; which promise I have since kept, if not absolutely to the letter, at any rate to an extent which has been considered satisfactory by the gentleman's wife.

"But Maria—dearest Maria—"

"Remember, John, we are in the church; and poor papa will be waiting breakfast."

* * * * * * *

I need hardly continue the story further. It will be known to all that my love-suit throve in spite of my unfortunate raid on the button of the Marquis D'Almavivas, at whose series of *fetes* through that month I was, I may boast, an honored guest. I have since that had the pleasure of entertaining him in my own poor house in England, and one of our boys bears his Christian name.

From that day in which I ascended the Giralda to this present day in which I write, I have never once had occasion to complain of a deficiency of romance either in Maria Daguilar or in Maria Pomfret.

ONLY A COBBLER.

William Carey had been brought up in the Church of England; but various causes induced him to become a Baptist, and he was baptised in 1783, at the age of twenty-two, in the river Nan, by Dr. Ryland, who afterwards assisted him in the formation of missions.—He devoted himself entirely to Scripture; and, to understand it better, studied, as best he could, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Yet he was still a journeyman shoemaker, who would have mended your boots, had you lived in those days, for a shilling or so, and would have been glad of the job. When his master died, he married his sister, and took up the business. This step was unfortunate; for the said sister cared as little for the things which interested Carey as any of the Hindus he afterwards sought to convert; and proved, in time, no slight obstacle in his way. His trade, too, diminished; and while in the capacity of a Baptist minister, he was preaching on Sundays to his congregation, he had to travel many a long mile, in spite of ill-health on the week days, to sell his boots and shoes, that he might buy bread. Yet he was patient and true, and not ashamed of his poverty. Thirty years later he was dining amid generals and officials at the table of the Governor-General of India, where he overheard some one ask whether Mr. Carey had once been a shoemaker. "No, sir," cried Carey, "only a cobbler." There is many a man who rises from a humble to a grand position in life, and is glad to forget what he once was; Carey had too much sense for that.—*The Art of Doing Our Best.*

☞ Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worth-*less.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

One Who is Great in His Own Home—How the Chinese Make Tea—What an Epicure Says About Coffee—A Few Words About Sugar—East and West—A Social [illegible]—[illegible].

Paris, Nov. 30, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The French Emperor, while granting certain political franchises to the Senate and Legislative Chamber, which may perhaps be the commencement of a more liberal *regime*, seems bent on affording to his people additional facilities for foreign commerce. He is negotiating a treaty of commerce with Belgium and the States of the Zollverein, and has just succeeded in obtaining the privilege of entering Birmah for purposes of trade; a result probably due, in no small degree, to the good offices of a Frenchman, of low birth, but some talent, who has been settled in that remote empire for the last thirty years, has risen to the rank of Prime Minister there, and transmogrified his plebeian patronymic into the highsounding appellation of General Maha d'Orgoni. The General professes an undying attachment to his native land; and an equally unchanging hatred of the English, for which nation he expressed, when on a visit here a few years ago, so savage an aversion, that he is looked upon, by not a few of his own countrymen, as having been the inciter of the military insurrection in India, and of its attendant atrocities; just one of the ridiculous notions which this clever people, ignoring all facts out of the limits of French life, are so apt to get into their heads, and which, when once in, there seems no possibility of their ever getting out. The imperial decree by which the commerce of Birmah is thrown open to the French, commences as follows:—

"The Most Gracious Dominator of the Earth and the Waters, enlightened by the Rising Sun, the Lord and Master of All the White Elephants, the Possessor of all Supernatural Arms, the Regulator of Existence of the Present Times, and the Sovereign Dispenser of Justice, has in this year So-li, and on the ninth day of the Moon Wa-goon, granted to General Maha d'Orgoni, the privilege of introducing under his patronage and control, all sorts of manufactures by means of speculators and traffickers in all sorts of materials, and has granted them the benefit of the following favors, to wit," &c., &c. The said "favors" guaranteeing to the French the right of entrance and residence all over the empire, of bringing in any kind of goods, exporting all the Birman products; free navigation for French vessels throughout the empire, exempt from taxation wharf dues; gratuitous grants of and for dockyards in which to build and repair ships, and for the erection of storehouses; grants of land on the shores of lake Irrawaddy alone to pay a slight tax; and only a fixed duty of ten per cent. to be paid on all merchandise imported in French vessels.

The East and the West are evidently beginning to draw together; and thanks to the enterprise of French, English, and American traders, Siam, Birmah, China, and Japan will probably become favorite localities for travel ere another generation has ousted the present from steamers and railways. A private letter from China gives some curious details of the manner in which "the cup that exhilarates but not inebriates" is prepared in its native home. It seems that teapots are not known in China, where, before each tea-drinker, is placed a cup, on a small circular stand of metal, the cup containing a large pinch of tea, and being covered with a saucer. The servant who waits on the guests brings in boiling water, fills each cup in turn, covering them immediately with the saucers. The person who is to drink lifts up the saucer from time to time, to see whether the leaves have all sunk to the bottom, which is the sign that the beverage is ready. The Chinese drink it nearly scalding, a feat which Europeans are unable to imitate; but the latter admit that tea prepared in the Chinese fashion has a far superior aroma to that which is obtained on the European plan. It is possible, however, that this superiority of flavor may be owing in part to the fact that the Chinese take good care to secure the best qualities of tea for their own consumption, only exporting what they are pleased to regard as "the refuse" of the growth.

When you pay a visit in China, a cup of tea is at once offered you, just as a chair is offered elsewhere; and travellers declare that a draught of this hot tea, far from increasing the heat you may feel from the weather, refreshes you; producing a reaction in an inverse sense from that which takes place when we rub our cold hands with snow, and feel a glow of heat from the operation. Such is the horror of the Chinese for cold drinks that they drink even their rice-wine hot. In all their tea-houses—which take the place of our cafes and beer-shops—each customer has beside him a basin of hot water, and a little napkin which he dips into it at short intervals, and with which he wipes over his face, hands, and chest, to refresh himself. The barbers, after having shaved their customers, which they do without soap, pass over the face a fine linen napkin wrung out of hot water.

The preparation of tea has a marked advantage over that of coffee, in its greater simplicity. The latter, according to the *dictum* of the most perspicuous epicures, is only to be had in perfection by the skillful mixture of various growths, and the utmost care in roasting, even a slight amount of overdoing in which operation is sufficient to destroy the subtle aroma which constitutes its distinguishing charm. An accomplished gourmet generously offers to the public the following counsels on the preparation of coffee, "that divine beverage which enables us to forgive, if not to forget, so many bad dinners." For a mild coffee, take 1 part Martinique, 1 part Ceylon, 1 part Mocha, 1 part Porto-Rico. For a stronger coffee, take 2 part Porto-Rico, 1 part Gonaives. For the strongest possible coffee, take 1 part Mocha, 1½ part Martinique, 1 part Java, ½ part Santos. It is essential to the perfection of the result, that each variety be roasted singly. Mocha should be roasted until the grains are of a pale golden brown only; a longer roasting destroys its delicate aroma; Martinique and Porto-Rico may be roasted together, and allowed to become somewhat darker than Mocha; but *beware of over-roasting them.* Santos, Gonaives and Hayti may be roasted together; and allowed to attain a still deeper coloration, but must never become black. It is well to remove the coffee from the fire before it reaches the full degree of coloration just indicated, because the grains continue for some time *to cook themselves by their own heat, after they have been withdrawn from the* action of the fire. Keep the grains closely covered while they are cooling; the neglect of this precaution allows the coffee to lose one-half of its aroma by evaporation. In order to cause the berries to retain all their aroma, remove the roaster from the fire as soon as the berries approach the shade indicated above, take out the berries, spread them out in a thin layer upon several thicknesses of clean linen, covering them closely with the same. They will thus become cool without losing a particle of their delicious aroma. No cook, however skillful, should be entrusted with the preparation of this unequalled beverage. In Turkey, the favorite sultana prepares the Mocha for her lord and master. In Spain, the proudest senora does not blush to offer to her guests the chocolate made by her own fair hands. In England, it is the lady of the house who makes the tea. Why should not Frenchwomen adopt the custom of performing the same good office for coffee, a substance requiring yet more skillful treatment than either chocolate or tea, and thus secure to our national beverage the proud pre-eminence to which it is entitled by the unequalled qualities with which it has been gifted by Nature? On considering how large a place in our daily life is filled by certain substances absolutely unknown to our forefathers, one is apt to wonder how the latter could have managed to exist without them. "What is not known is not missed," says the proverb; but we, of the nineteenth century should certainly find it difficult to do without cotton, silk, tea, coffee, sugar, potatoes, and a vast number of other things, unknown a few hundred years ago in Europe, yet now constituting the most important and general of all our articles of consumption.

A lover of figures informs us that the telegraphic lines in the United States alone comprise a length of 47,250 English miles; and when the New York and San Francisco line is completed—the line over Europe and Asia being supposed to exist—only 3,500 leagues of cable would have to be sunk to enable Paris and London to receive intelligence from Canton in one hour and fifty minutes, from New York in one hour and twenty minutes, and from Valparaiso, in three hours and a quarter. According to this author, many lines already established, or about to be, might be easily collected into one great whole. Thus, in Japan, the lines have been granted to a company, and one of them is begun; New Zealand is connected with Australia by a cable, Melbourne with Sydney, and Batavia with Singapore; the whole continent of India, thanks to British enterprise, is being intersected with lines connecting all the chief centres, and that will serve to carry on the system of inter-communication towards the countries beyond it towards the Asiatic shores of the Pacific.

The consumption of tobacco in France has enormously increased of late years. In 1815 it was 53 millions; in 1858,178 millions. In a period of 47 years it has produced to the Treasury a gross sum of 4,386,794,264 francs, and a nett amount of 3,044,078,356 francs. The sale of tobacco, a Government monopoly in France, is set down in this year's estimates at 183,000,000 of francs. From this amount must be deducted, 15,424,000 for salaries, 12,437,200 francs for rent, buildings, wages to workmen, repairs, paper, envelopes, salt, and casks, 211,000 francs for indemnities to Departments in which the plant is cultivated; 205,000 francs fees to exports; 48,000,000 francs purchases of foreign and native tobacco, and 96,933 francs for extraordinary services; total, 57,501,533 francs; leaving a balance of 125,498,467 francs to the Treasury. The receipts for the coming year will be increased by the additional 10 per cent. which the Government has imposed on the selling price of every form of tobacco. Meantime, physicians and heads of colleges are making such energetic representations to the Government respecting the injurious effects of tobacco on the mental, moral, and physical *status* of those who use it, that the Minister of Public Instruction has prohibited its use in the Schools, and the haters of the weed are preparing to wage war upon its use by the general public, with sanguine hopes of eventual success.

To wind up this letter, of which statistical gleanings occupy so large a part, I may add, for those who are interested in such matters, that the Catholic world is divided into 1,007 bishoprics or their equivalents, of which 681 are in Europe, 128 in Asia, 29 in Africa, 146 in America, 23 in Oceanica. In Europe there are 2 patriarchs, 116 archbishops, 484 bishops, 45 con-cathedrals, 15 abbots or priors, with episcopal jurisdictions, 6 military chaplains, 18 vicars, delegates and apostolic prefects. In Asia are 6 patriarchs, 3 archbishops, 54 bishops, 65 apostolic vicars and prefects. In Africa are 10 bishops, and 19 vicars and prefects. In America are 22 archbishops, 75 bishops, and 9 apostolical vicars. In Oceanica, 2 archbishops, 12 bishops, 8 apostolical vicars, 1 apostolical prefect. The European clergy are thus distributed:—In Italy, 1 patriarch, 45 archbishops, 236 bishops, 44 con-cathedrals, 1 military chaplain. In Spain, 9 archbishops, 45 bishops, 1 con-cathedral, 4 military chaplains or prelates. Portugal, 1 patriarch, 2 archbishops, 14 bishops. France, 16 archbishops, 65 bishops, 1 military chaplain. Belgium and Holland, 2 archbishops, 9 bishops, 1 apostolical vicar. Austrian Empire, 16 archbishops, 66 bishops, 1 abbot, 1 military chaplain. Germanic Confederation, 6 archbishops, 18 bishops, 8 apostolical vicars. United Kingdom, 5 archbishops, 36 bishops, 3 apostolical vicars. Malta, Greece and Turkey, 6 archbishops, 14 bishops, 8 apostolical vicars. Switzerland, 5 bishops, 1 abbot, 2 apostolical prefects. The Pontifical Government stills retains, thanks to the presence of the French army, the following towns:—Rome, Civita-Vecchia, Corneto, Albano, Frascati, Marino, Tivoli, Subiaco, Palestina, Frosinone, Alatri, Avagni, Ceccano, Coprano, Torentino, Piperno, Ponte-Corvo, Varioli, and Terracina. The Pope has recognized the society founded in Rome for the collection of "Peter's Pence," and has given it very extensive privileges. The French clergy are furious at the action of the Government restricting their zeal to the mere reception of such gifts as may be spontaneously offered by the faithful for the support of the Pope; compelling them to disband the organizations they were setting up all over France, and which, under color of raising supplies for the Pope, were commencing an active political propaganda against the Emperor. The pecuniary embarrassment at Rome grows greater daily, the expenses of the Papal Court being very heavy, and the receipts out of all proportion therewith. The soldiers of the ex-King were breeding a famine; the Sardinians cunningly sending back all the Papal soldiers taken by them to add to the consumption of food in the States of the Church. Queen Christine and a few other wealthy individuals have made the Pope presents, but the Court of Rome cannot support itself on precarious offerings. The Cardinals do not seem inclined to lay down the pomp of their usual ceremonial. On the festival of the 18th November, consecrated to St. Charles Borromeo, the Pope went in grand state to officiate in the church dedicated to that personage. The ceremony appears to have been splendid in the extreme; the most dazzling part of the affair being the costumes and carriages of the cardinals, which are described as being covered with gold, and decorated with the most exquisite paintings, Cupid and Psyche, Venus and Mars, gods, goddesses, nymphs and satyrs, in the peculiarly light draperies attributed to these mythic creations of Greece and Rome, mingling with crosses, crowns, crooks, and the other ecclesiastical symbols on the panels of these gorgeous chariots.

QUANTUM.

North and South America.—In the Edinburgh Review for January, 1809, occurs the following passage:—

If such immense benefits have resulted from the prosperity of the United States, how many times greater will be those which must necessarily flow from the prosperity of South America? If the population of the United States, amounting, perhaps, to 6,000,000 of souls, afford so very extraordinary a demand for British commodities, what may not the population of South America, extending to no less than 16,000,000, be expected to afford?

Let figures show how these expectations have been fulfilled:

Population of the United States in 1809,	6,000,000
Population of the United States in 1859,	30,000,000
Population of the Spanish Am. Rep., 1809,	16,000,000
Population of the Spanish Am. Rep., 1859,	19,000,000
Value of exports of United States, 1809,	$52,000,000
Value of exports of United States, 1859,	300,000,000
Value of exports of Spanish Am. Rep., 1859,	85,000,000

From this statement it appears that, while in a period of fifty years the population of the United States increased five fold, that of the Spanish American Republics shows only an increase of one-fifth; and that the exports of the latter, which were probably greater at the commencement of the century than those of the former, are now of but one-fourth their value.

Garibaldi Deserting His Post.—On the march from Reggio, Garibaldi and staff had contrived, after many hours' fasting, to procure a large joint of beef. This they proceeded to roast, the Dictator himself undertaking to turn an extemporary spit (a ramrod), while the others prepared the rest of the dinner. One staff officer, in spurs, and wearing a heavy cavalry sword, was mildly cutting up tomatoes and onions, while a priest of goodly presence was mixing something in a tin pot. Suddenly the holy man looked up from his labor of love, and saw the meat burning, while Garibaldi, in deep thought, was walking some distance off. An aid-de-camp was appointed to the spit, but the mischief was done, and when the reverend father had "blessed the meat," he turned to the Dictator, and said, sternly—"General, the man who deserts his post in war time—" "Should be shot," interrupted the self-convicted Dictator.

In Garibaldi's excuse it may be said, that King Alfred of England once deserted his post (the cakes) in a similar way.

Pine Apple Cheese.—Mr. Norton, of Goshen, Connecticut, manufactures this form of cheese quite extensively. The Homestead thus describes the process:

"The curd of about three hundred cows is bought and daily brought to the factory to be made into pine apple cheese. These weigh about six and one-third pounds each, and about six hundred and fifty are made every week in the best of the season. They are pressed in smooth moulds, the marks upon the surface being made by softening them in hot water, and hang them in nets made for the purpose. Here they hang till fully cured and fit to send to market. The whole number made this year is about ten thousand. They are carefully boxed and sent to market in the neatest order, and being made hard and firm, they improve with age, enduring any climate, and are in steady demand for shipping."

A Dead Man Come to Life.—Some time in August last, Caleb C. Woodbury, Postmaster at White Pigeon, Michigan, was arrested on a charge of robbing the mail. He was taken to Detroit, examined before the United States Commissioner, and ordered to find bail in four thousand dollars to appear for trial. He went home in custody of the United States Marshal to procure bail, and while there, took strychnine, as was stated, and died and was buried. The Detroit Advertiser has learned that Woodbury was seen by several who knew him well, within a few weeks, and the grave was opened, which resulted in finding a large stick of wood in Woodbury's coffin. The Advertiser says, the United States authorities at Detroit are investigating the matter.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

On the 20th, in the South Carolina Convention, Mr. Rhett's resolution to appoint a Committee of Thirteen, to provide for the assemblage of a Convention of the seceding States, and to form a Constitution, was adopted.

Mr. Inglis made the report of the Committee to prepare and draft an ordinance proper to be adopted by the Convention, as follows:

"*An Ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and the other States united with her, under the compact entitled the Constitution of the United States of America.*

"We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the Ordinance adopted by us, in Convention, on the 23d day of May, A. D., 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying the amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and the other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

The ordinance was taken up and passed, by a unanimous vote of 169 votes, at a quarter past one o'clock.

As soon as its passage was known without the doors of the Convention, it rapidly spread on the street among the crowd collected, and was hailed with immense cheering.

Mr. Miles moved that the clerk telegraph to the members of Congress, at Washington, immediately. Carried unanimously.

Mr. Desaussure offered a resolution that the ordinance be engrossed on parchment, under the direction of the Attorney General, and signed by the President and members this evening, at Institute Hall, and that it be placed among the archives of the State, the members proceeding there in procession at half-past 6 o'clock.

A long and earnest discussion then ensued as to the effect of the ordinance in its immediate effect upon the Post Office and the Collection of the Revenue. (Certain members contended that it would not do to prevent at once the action of the United States officials. In a previous debate, Chancellor Durkin, one of the committee on the ordinance, put the difficulty as follows:—

"It is well known that if a vessel passes the bar of Charleston without the regular papers signed by the collector of the port, that vessel is liable to be taken up in twenty minutes as a vagrant or pirate. No vessel would venture without peril. The collector knew this, and he gave notice that he would hold his commission subject to the direction of the Convention of South Carolina when here assembled. He knew that a sudden stoppage would have been accompanied by most mischievous consequences. He is prepared now, and he holds his commission under the direction and at the will of this Convention, to which he expects to owe allegiance. Mr. President, Mirabeau, many years ago, said that the fiercest insurrections were those which arose from the stomach—a people without bread won't hear, won't reason, and the voice of patriotism is dead. Sir, next to bread in our artificial state of society, is light—I do not mean the glorious light of the heavens, but I mean information and intelligence. If, sir, you suddenly withdraw this light for eight-and-forty-hours, or cause an interruption in the postal arrangements, the perilous consequences which would result will be easily appreciated by every thinking man in every corner of the State. Sir, it should not be done suddenly—we should have a little time to effect common arrangements."

In relation to the forts, Mr. Miles said:—"I have not the least idea that the President of the United States will send reinforcements. I will say it frankly, for there should be no concealment among us. In a conversation, and subsequently in a written communication, I know this to have been said: 'If you send a solitary soldier to these forts, the instant the intelligence reaches our people, (and we will take care it does reach us before you get one-fifth to the forts,) the forts will be taken, because they are necessary to our self-preservation.'

"Mr. Miles spoke about the repairs to Fort Sumpter, and mentions the cause of the resignation of Secretary Cass. At Fort Moultrie there are only sixty-five men, with five or six musicians. Capt. Anderson is needful of troops. He felt the necessity when the excitement first broke out, being apprehensive lest a few persons from Charleston should surprise the fort in the night time. All the repairs that are made will be to our advantage."

A number of ordinances have been submitted relative to the collection of customs and the post office, which were considered on the 22d, in secret convention.

Some contemplate the collection of duties by the State, some a kind of joint action, and others the abolition of all duties, and making Charleston a free port.

The Convention is also considering a Declaration of Independence. The one proposed is based upon that of the United States.

On the 22d, the Committee appointed in relation to the Revenue and Post Office laws, reported in favor of adopting the United States Revenue laws with, perhaps, slight modifications, as the Revenue laws of South Carolina, the Collector to take oath as an officer of the State. Postal matters to remain unchanged, as at present.

☞ How women do admire weddings!—not their own, but anybody's. How they throng the churches "just to see the ceremony, you know." Then what animated descriptions of the whole affair! what glowing accounts of what the bride "had on." What criticism of the bridesmaids! In short, what an immense amount of simper, giggle and prattle—all because two inoffensive young people are going, in a legal and orderly way, to set up housekeeping.

☞ "I suppose, Jim, that were I to jump into the water here, I should find it over my head and ears." "Probably over your head, Frank, but not your ears."

☞ Some natures are so sensitively stung that they are wounded worse by the point of a finger than others are by the point of a pin.

☞ Ramon Rico, who recently made a match in California to run one hundred and fifty miles in six hours and a-half, has just accomplished the feat, within twenty-two minutes of the required time, using thirty-two horses in the race.

☞ The habit of drinking can be cured by giving the drinkers all the liquor they want to drink all the time. We know of two in our own experience who were cured in three weeks. One jumped out of a fourth story window and ran a curbstone into his head. The other didn't get up one morning, and has now a curbstone growing over his head in the graveyard.

☞ "There is no truth in men," said a lady, in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tunes."

"In other words, madam," said another lady, "you believe that all men are *lyres*."

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, last week, Senator Wade, of Ohio, made a speech saying that the day of compromises was past, that secession was but another word for revolution, and that, unpleasant as it might be, his oath as a Senator would compel him to support the President in enforcing the laws.

Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tenn., also made a strong Union speech, taking ground against secession, and arguing against the right of any State to abrogate at will the Federal compact. He should not differ much from his Southern friends, except as to the mode of redress. He was opposed to secession, and would fight the battles for Southern rights in the Union and on the battlements of the Constitution. The mere election of a President was not cause for secession. Mr. Lincoln was in a minority; he was in the hands of the conservative men in Congress and on the Supreme Bench, and he (Mr. Johnson) would be a coward if he abandoned the Union because a helpless Executive was in the Presidential chair.

Senator Lane, of Oregon, in reply to Mr. Johnson, denied that there was any right to coerce a seceding State, and said he would oppose an armed force going to South Carolina with that purpose, if need be to the death.

Senator Pugh, of Ohio, took ground against Mr. Wade, and also opposed coercion.

The Vice President appointed the following committee on Mr. Powell's resolution of compromise:—

Messrs. Powell, Hunter, Crittenden, Seward, Toombs, Douglas, Collamer, Davis, Wade, Bigler, Rice, Doolittle, and Grimes.

Mr. Davis (Miss.) asked to be excused on account of the position in which his State stood. Excused. Afterwards he agreed to serve.

House of Representatives.—Among the doings of the House last week—besides the passage of the Pacific Railroad Bill, noticed in another place—was an appropriation of $900,000 to carry out the laws for suppressing the African slave trade. This was to supply a deficiency in former appropriations. A bill was offered by Mr. Adams, of Kentucky, providing for the enforcement of the fugitive-slave law, and referred to the Select Committee of thirty-three on the Union.

Mr. Adrain, of New Jersey, offered a resolution deprecating the spirit of disobedience to the Constitution wherever manifested, and recommending the repeal of the personal-liberty-bills. Mr. Sherman attempted to include a disapproval of all nullifying laws, but unsuccessfully, and the resolution of Mr. Adrian was adopted by a vote of 151 yeas to 14 nays. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, then offered a resolution denouncing nullification, and declaring it to be the duty of the President to execute the laws at all hazards. It was adopted by 124 yeas and no dissenting voice. On both of these resolutions the Secessionists refused to vote, Mr. Barksdale denouncing the latter as a fraud upon the country. Mr. Morris of Illinois, offered a resolution framed out of the language of Washington's Farewell Address, regarding the election of Mr. Lincoln as not giving a just cause for dissolution, and denouncing any treasonable attempts to subvert the Government. His resolution was passed by a vote of 115 against 44. A number of other propositions looking to the present condition of affairs, were presented. Mr. Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, was excused from serving on the Union Committee, as he was convinced it would yield nothing to the South.

On the 20th, Mr. Delano, of Massachusetts, asked leave to offer the following, which was read for information:—

Whereas, by a report of the proceedings in the South Carolina State Convention, held on the 19th inst., the Hon. Mr. Miles, a member of this House, used the following language: "In a conversation and subsequently in a written communication to the President, I know this to have been said—'If you send a solitary soldier to these forts, the instant the intelligence reaches our people, and we will take care that it does reach us before it can reach the forts, they will be taken, because such a course is necessary to our safety and self-preservation.'"

Therefore, Resolved, That the President be requested to communicate to this House what information he has received, either oral or in writing, to the effect that if the forts at Charleston are further reinforced, they will be taken by any force or authority hostile to the authority and supremacy of the United States. [Excitement on the Southern side.]

Mr. Ashmore, of South Carolina, wanted to know where the information came from.

Mr. Delano replied in the published proceedings of the South Carolina Convention.

The Speaker said that neither debate nor the resolutions were now in order. The latter can be taken up at another time. Adjourned till Monday.

☞ A very pious old gentleman told his sons not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath, but if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

☞ The expense of governing France amounts to $1,000,000 per day, including interest on public debt.

☞ An unbelieving physiologist recently put under a microscope one of the "roots" which a fashionable corn doctor had handed to a patient as from his foot. An examination showed it to be a little bit of catgut.

☞ A country paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please everybody. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper that everybody's advertisement shall head the column."

☞ Very 'Cute.—When the Florentines were at war with Pisa, they were in a financial difficulty, and a citizen proposed, as a means of obtaining money, that, whereas the Florentines had hitherto levied custom duties at each of the eleven gates of their city, they should make eleven other gates, and thus double their receipts.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ French Academy of Sciences.—At the last sitting, M. Dehaut sent in a note, stating that M. Foucalt (whose experiments on the pendulum, effected a few years ago at the Pantheon, are of European notoriety), is not the first discoverer of the fact that the plane of oscillation of the free pendulum is invariable; but that the honor of the discovery is due to Poinsinet de Sivry, who, in 1782, stated, in a note to his translation of "Pliny," that a mariner's compass might be constructed without a magnet, by taking a pendulum and setting it in motion in a given direction; because, provided the motion were continually kept up, the pendulum would continue to oscillate in the same direction, no matter by how many points, or how often the ship might happen to change her course.

☞ Quarrels—Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels. First, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

[illegible].—The inhabitants of a county town were recently startled by the appearance, on the walls, of flaming placards, announcing that on a certain evening named, the eminent tragedian, Mr. ——, would give a Shakespearian reading at the Assembly Rooms. As may well be imagined, the advertisement drew together a crowded audience, eager to participate in so rare an intellectual treat. After a long delay, a personage appeared upon the platform, bowing low to the assembled crowd. He was of diminutive stature, had jet-black curly locks, a vast *prononce* aquiline nose, and was altogether as unlike the great tragedian in appearance as could well be imagined. Who could he be?—the manager, no doubt, of the entertainment, who had come forward to introduce the expected reader to the audience. He proceeded to arrange the book upon the reading-desk. Perhaps, then, he was only an attendant! But no; for he again bowed, and with a most unmistakably Jewish accent, he commenced himself to read the work announced. A yell of disapprobation rang through the room—"No! no!" "Off! off!" But still he kept on reading. The audience were now enraged beyond all endurance. "Swindled! swindled!" they cried. The Israelitish individual closed his book, and once more bowing even more lowly than before, addressed them thus, "Ladith and gentlemen, it ith no uthe being oderwise than candid. You're right. It *ith* a thwindle," and he departed hastily by the back door. A general rush was made to the money-takers' boxes; but they had departed also—*with the money.*—*English Paper.*

Western Pennsylvania Oil Wells.—The following summary of the daily yield of oil in Venango, Crawford, and Warren counties, on the 1st day of December, is made up from the best sources of information, and can be implicitly relied upon as correct:

	Wells.	Barrels.
French Creek,	3	35
Two Mile Run,	3	64
Franklin borough,	15	139
Oil Creek region,	31	434
Allegheny river,	20	442
	72	1,114

This oil would, at the present rate of thirty cents per gallon, be worth $13,368 a day, or over $4,000,000 per annum—an immense addition to the wealth of our State.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The week's sales reach some 8000 bbls, part for shipment, mostly taken in small lots at $4,62½ to 4,87½ for common mixed and good superfine; $5 for better brands, $5@5,25 for Western and Penna extra, and $5,25@5,75 for extra family and fancy brands, as in quality, holders generally ask $5 for standard superfine and $5,25 ℔ bbl for extra, the receipts and stocks being very light for the season. Rye Flour is dull and selling at $3,62½@3,75 ℔ bbl, in a small way. Corn Meal is also very dull, and Penna is offered at $2,75, without finding buyers at that rate, which is a further decline; sales of 700 bbls are reported taken for distilling at $2,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light, with sales of 25,000 bus, in lots, part for shipment, at from 114 to 125c for reds, the latter for prime Penna and Southern, and from 125 to 140c for common to good and prime white, including some prime Kentucky white at 135c, and handsome Penna and Southern do at 137@140c, mostly all in store. Rye comes in slowly, and Penna has found ready sale on arrival at 75@76c. Corn has been dull, and only some 22,000 bus have been disposed of at 65@64c for prime old yellow, mostly afloat; 62@63c for mixed Western do; 60@63c for old and new mixed, 52@58c for new, as to dryness, including some old white at 66@67c. Oats are rather better; about 18,000 bus have been sold at 31@32c for Southern, and 33@34c for Penna. Barley and Malt continue dull, with sales of 5000 bus of the former to note, on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS—The market for all kinds continues very inactive, and Mess Pork is held at $16,50@17 ℔ bbl, without finding buyers. Dressed Hogs are selling at $6@6½ ℔ 100 lbs. City Mess Beef is steady at $12@14 ℔ bbl, as to brand. Bacon is taken in lots, as wanted, partly to go South, at 11@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, 10@10½c for Sides, and 8@8½ for Shoulders, cash and time. Of Green Meats the receipts and stocks are light, and prices are unsettled and lower. Lard meets with a limited demand only at 9¾@10½c, in tcs and bbls, and 11@11½c in kegs. Butter is dull at 9@10c for Solid, and 15@16c for Roll. Cheese is steady, and a moderate business doing at 10@11c ℔ lb, the latter for prime New York. Eggs are quoted at 18c ℔ doz.

COTTON—Holders have been rather firmer in their views under the news from abroad, and 700 bales, chiefly Uplands, have been disposed of in small lots at from 7 to 12½c, cash and time; the bulk of the sales were at equal to 10½@11c for good middling, and 11@11½c for middling fair quality, cash.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and some small lots of 1st No. 1 have been disposed of, on arrival, at $26@25, closing at the latter rate, which is a decline; the receipts and stocks are light. Tanners' Bark is dull.

BEESWAX—We hear of no sales, and quote good yellow at 32@33c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market is inactive and prices rather weak. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℔ ton $3,60; Prepared do $3,60; Red Ash do $3,80; Lehigh do $3,75; Prepared do $3,75; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE—The market is about stationary, and a small business only to notice, sales reaching some 2500 bags in lots at from 11¼@13¼c for low grade and good fair Rio, and 13¼@13½c for Laguayra, on the usual credit, mostly of the former description, including 250 bags St. Domingo at 12c, 4 mos.

COPPER—There is little or nothing doing in Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and prices are nominally unchanged.

FEATHERS—Good Western are selling as wanted at 47@48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT moves off slowly at $1@2 ℔ bbl for Green Apples; 3½@4c for Dried Apples; 6@8c for unpared Peaches; and 10@12c ℔ lb for pared do. Cranberries sell as wanted at $6@12 ℔ bbl.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The demand is very small at 30@33c for new crop Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is no quotable change in this staple; prices are altogether nominal, and no sales of any consequence have come under our notice.

LEAD is dull and unsettled, and we hear of no movement in Pig.

LUMBER is dull, the business season being over. White Pine Boards move off slowly at $14@17, Yellow Sap at $14@15, and Laths at $1,75@1,80 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—Holders are firmer in their views, and the demand is better, with sales of 800 bbls New Orleans, at 33@35c, on time.

PLASTER—There is nothing doing to alter quotations, and we quote Soft nominal at $2,75 ℔ ton.

RICE is steady and selling in a small way at 3⅜@3½c ℔ lb, usual terms.

SEEDS—There is more demand for Cloverseed, and prices tend upward—nearly all the lots offering, some 2000 bus, having been disposed of at $5@5,37½, mostly at $5,25 ℔ bus, which price is now refused for prime. Timothy and Flaxseed are dull and unsettled, and prices are altogether nominal.

SPIRITS—The demand for foreign continues limited, and prices about the same. N E Rum is also steady at 33@34c. Whiskey is better, with fair sales of bbls to note at 17¼@18c for Pa, and 18@18½c for Western, drudge at 17@17½c, and hhds, which are scarce, at 17½@18c.

SUGAR—There is a better feeling in the market, and rather more doing. Sales comprise some 350 hhds, mostly in small lots, at 5@6c for Cuba, and 5¾@6¼c for New Orleans, on the usual credit. Prices at the close are ¼@½c better.

TALLOW continues unsettled and dull, and we quote it at 9@10c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—There is no alteration in price or demand, and a very small business doing.

WOOL—Buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent, and the market is dull and unsettled, a few small lots only having been disposed of at about previous rates.

NEWS ITEMS.

YANKEE SHOE PEGS.—Messrs. Ladd, Gordon & Co., of Holderness, N. H., manufacture annually six hundred cords of white maple and white birch wood into shoe pegs. One cord of good wood makes fifty bushels of pegs, and thirty thousand bushels are annually produced, put up in barrels, and sent to Germany, by this establishment alone.

THE land sale at Fort Scott, on the 3d, was attended by no bidders, and consequently was a complete failure. Gen. Harney and the U. S. troops were present, but none of the settlers had any money.

FIFTEEN years ago, there was not more than fifty miles of railroad in Mississippi; now it is said that there are about eight hundred miles of completed railroad, which is in successful running operation, and about the same number of miles of road in the course of construction.

BUSINESS SUSPENSIONS AT NEW ORLEANS.—A New Orleans despatch to the Charleston Courier, dated the 11th inst., says: "There have been about thirty suspensions here in the past few weeks. They were not failures, however, as they are all solvent, and able to meet their indebtedness. The suspensions were principally cotton factors."

THE Nashville Banner is authorised to state that the rumors in circulation as to the offer of a place to John Bell in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet are without the slightest foundation. No intimation of such intention has been communicated to Mr. Bell, either by Mr. Lincoln himself, or through any of his friends.

HE OUGHT TO GO TO UTAH.—During a recent trial at Bayonne, France, it was proved that a wealthy merchant, sixty years of age, had nine mistresses and three wives!

CULTIVATING LIQUORICE IN TEXAS.—The San Antonio (Texas) Ledger says that a Mr. Poinsard, of that city, has been eminently successful in the culture and acclimation of liquorice root, which he had imported from France. Of all the plants imported, one alone survived. So luxuriant was its growth, that it radiated, notwithstanding the drought, covering the ground for a circumference of 15 feet, proving that irrigation is not necessary to its successful growth. Indeed, so successful has Mr. Poinsard been, both in relation to its acclimation and culture, that he looks forward to the liquorice root becoming speedily an article of extensive export from Western Texas.

CARRYING GRATITUDE TO EXTREMES.—A good-looking German girl named Klea Kroeter, recently attempted to drown herself at Newark, N. J., but was rescued by a colored man. She was so grateful that she married him for the asking.

A SORROWFUL CASE OF DEATH BY THE ROADSIDE.—Mr. Andrew Anderson, of Meriden, Conn., and Mary, his wife, started on foot from the village of West Meriden, to go home, at a late hour on Wednesday evening 12th inst.,—the night being very cold. Arriving near Hemlock Grove, his wife was suddenly taken with the pangs of childbirth. Mr. Anderson took care of her as well as he could for awhile, and then started for assistance.—When he returned his wife was dead.

MR. LINCOLN'S POSITION.—The N. Y. *Tribune* professes to speak by authority as follows:—"We are enabled to state in the most positive terms, that Mr. Lincoln is utterly opposed to any concession or compromise that shall yield one iota of the position occupied by the Republican party on the subject of Slavery in the Territories, and that he stands now, as he stood in May last, when he accepted the nomination for the Presidency, square upon the Chicago Platform."

THE St. Louis Democrat announces, by authority, that Mr. Lincoln has offered Hon. Edward Bates a seat in his Cabinet, and that the latter will accept the position. He will probably be Secretary of the Interior.

THE Honduras Government has pardoned Col. Rudler, who was captured along with Walker.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.—The caucus of the Republican members of the House Committee, have decided not to propose any amendment whatever to the Constitution, or to recommend Congressional action recognizing slaves as property in any territory now free. Mr. Corwin alone advocated an amendment to the Constitution.

A NEW ENGLAND inventor claims to have invented a machine for converting common flax into a fibre and staple as white, fine, soft and silky as any cotton grown in Alabama or Georgia. He further says that the operation of the machinery is so simple, rapid and effective, that an incredible quantity of raw material can be worked in a short space of time.

A LARGE WARMING APPARATUS.—The New York authorities have allowed a company to lay pipes through all the streets, to convey "hydrogenated fuel," or other heating agents, to every house, just as gas and water are now conveyed. So we move onward.

A NEW SWINDLE.—The Albany Journal describes an expert swindle, which is to scatter "Counterfeit Detectors" through the West, describing as good, bogus money, and then passing it off for wheat and pork. This has been done on a pretty large scale recently.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has complimented Capt. Maffit of our navy in an autograph letter, upon his efficiency in breaking up the slave-trade.

MR. LINCOLN ON SECESSION.—The *Springfield Journal*, which is edited by a nephew of Mr. Lincoln's, and supposed to speak his sentiments, contained an article on the 20th, on secession, which says:—

"South Carolina cannot dissolve the Union by the simple passage of resolutions or other passive demonstrations. Her Federal officers may resign, and she may close her Courts and Post Offices, but she cannot get out of this Union until she conquers this government. While this government endures there can be no disunion.

"If South Carolina does not obstruct the collection of the revenues at her ports, nor violate any other Federal law, there will be no trouble, and she will not be out of the Union. If she violates the law then comes the tug of war.

"The President of the United States, in such an emergency, has a plain duty to perform. Mr. Buchanan may shirk it, or the emergency may not exist during his administration. If not, then the Union will last through his term of office. If the overt act on the part of South Carolina takes place on or after the 1st of March, 1861, then the duty of executing the laws will devolve upon Mr. Lincoln. The laws of the United States must be executed. The President has no discretionary power on the subject. His duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Mr. Lincoln will perform that duty. Disunion by armed force is treason, and treason must and will be put down at all hazards."

Mr. Thurlow Weed recently visited Mr. Lincoln relative to his plan of concession. The result is unknown. The news from Charleston Mr. Lincoln received calmly.

☞ THE BLOOD.—Two gentlemen were discussing, in James Smith's company, the color of the blood. "You say," cried one, "that our blood is at first quite white. I will credit it, if you can also tell me in what stage (of circulation) it becomes red." "Tell him," whispered Smith, "in the Reading stage, of course."

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD BILL.—The House of Representatives, on the 20th, passed Mr. Curtis's Pacific Railroad Bill. It provides that the road shall start from the western border of Missouri and western border of Iowa, with two converging lines bearing westward, united within two hundred miles of the Missouri River, thence proceeding by a single trunk line by the nearest and best route, via the vicinity of Salt Lake, to San Francisco, or to the navigable waters of the Sacramento. It also provides for a road from the western border of the South-Western States, starting from two points, namely, from Fort Smith and from the western border of Louisiana, with two converging lines bearing westward, and uniting with the Southern Pacific Railroad chartered by Texas.

Mr. Aldrich, of Minnesota, offered an amendment for a Northern route from Minnesota to Puget's Sound.

Mr. Stevens, of Washington Territory, argued that unless this be adopted, the North-West would be left to British enterprise and advancement.

Mr. Curtis replied, that it would not be reasonable to commence such a route now, when the number of inhabitants of Washington Territory is so small. The time would, however, come, for such an improvement.

Mr. Aldrich's amendment was rejected, and the bill passed, yeas 95, nays 74.

—In the Senate, on motion of Mr. Gwin, of California, the bill was made the special order for Wednesday, January 2nd.

UNITED STATES WAR VESSELS IN PORT.—In case of necessity, the following men-of-war could be equipped and manned at the different navy yards in three weeks:

Vessels.	—Officers and Men.	Tons.	Guns.
Steam-corvette Brooklyn	340	2,070	14
Steam-frigate Colorado	400	3,400	12
Frigate Constitution	500	1,607	50
Corvette Germantown	300	939	22
Corvette Jamestown	300	985	22
Corvette Macedonian	300	1,341	22
Corvette Marion	170	569	10
Steam-frigate Merrimac	400	3,200	12
Steam-frigate Minnesota	400	1,992	12
Steam-frigate Mississippi	320	1,289	10
Steam-gunboat Pawnee	200	989	9
Corvette Plymouth	200	958	22
Corvette Preble	180	1,726	16
Frigate St. Lawrence	500	1,726	50
Frigate Santee	500	1,726	50
Total,	5,010	24,380	[illegible]

The Merrimac, Preble and Santee, might take five or six weeks to be commissioned, but in an emergency they could be prepared in three. All the others need only men and guns; the former can be got in hundreds, the latter are ready for shipment. Vessels of the home squadron could also be added to the list.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Boardman, CLARA FRANCES, daughter of the late C. C. Boardman, of Troy, N. Y. to GEORGE S. G. HARVEY, of New Orleans.

On Tuesday morning, the 18th instant, by the Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, JOHN HARRISON, to EMILY G. daughter of Charles Leland.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Darling, EDWARD A. ADAMS, to HARRIET A. youngest daughter of Robert B. Potter, Esq. both of this city.

On Tuesday morning, the 18th instant, by the Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, D. D., EDWARD L. BODIN, to HARRIET B. PORTER.

On the 18th instant, by Friends' ceremony, JOSIAH BASSETT, Jr. to MARGARET E. NEWPORT, daughter of Jesse W. Newport, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. D. H. Emerson, JOHN C. HIGGINS, to ELIZABETH C. daughter of Wm. Reybold, all of New Castle county, Del.

At St. Peter's Church, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Jos. D. Newlin, CHARLES D. MACLEAN, to CHARLOTTE F. JONES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM SMULLEN, in his 39th year. California papers please copy.

At Norristown, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 13, Mr. WILLIAM M. JAMISON, in his 48th year.

On Sunday evening, the 16th instant, JOHN, eldest son of George and Mary Landell, in his 49th year.

On the 18th instant, IRVIN LAWRENCE, of Cape May county, New Jersey, in his 22d year.

At his residence in Mantua, on the 15th instant, Dr. WM. GALLAHER, in his 55th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. SARAH S. HARLAN, in her 82d year.

On the 12th instant, at his residence, near Darlington, Harford county, Md., Dr. WAKEMAN B. HOPKINS, aged 54 years.

On the 16th instant, PHILIP SCHLESINGER, in his 60th year.

On the 16th instant, JACOB SHELMIRE, of Moreland township, Montgomery county, in his 79th year.

In Baltimore, on the 15th instant, MARY M. wife of Robt. A. Dobbin.

On the 17th instant, LIZZIE GRASLEES, aged 18 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18[illegible]		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	93	93½
" " new	98	98½
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct.	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	—	—
" County	—	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	87½	88
" 5 "	88	90
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	—	98½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	65	67
imp. 6 pr ct	30	—
stock	—	8
preferred	16	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	47½	49
mort 6 pr ct	101	101
scrip	32	33
Morris Consol'd	85	35½
preferred	108	—
Ches & Del	35	—
bonds	—	89
Union	½	—
bonds	10	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	—	37
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	98	99
2nd "	—	86
stock	36½	36¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	96
stock	120½	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	88
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '84	67	61
stock	17⅞	18 3-16
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	31½	—
6 pr ct loan, '80	90	—
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	64½	70
2nd "	17	18½
stock	1	2
Catawissa	½	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	58½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	86	—
North Penn'a R R stock	7½	8½
6 pr ct loan	60	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	45	47
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Erie R R stock	—	17
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	73½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	86¼	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, December 22, 1860.

Alabama	10 dis.
Canada	½ dis.
Connecticut	par.
Delaware	par to ½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.
Florida	10 dis.
Georgia	10 dis.
Illinois	10 dis.
Indiana	[illegible] to 5 dis.
Iowa	10 dis.
Kansas	—
Kentucky	2 dis.
Louisiana	2½ dis.
Maine	par
Maryland	5 dis.
Massachusetts	par
Michigan	10 dis.
Minnesota	—
Mississippi	—
Missouri	10 dis.
Nebraska	—
New Brunswick	10 dis.
New Hampshire	par
New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
New York City	1 prem.
New York State	par
North Carolina	10 dis.
Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Ohio	2 dis.
Pennsylvania	par to 2 dis.
Rhode Island	par
South Carolina	10 dis.
Tennessee	5 dis.
Texas	—
Vermont	par
Virginia	7 dis.
Wisconsin	10 dis.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1290 head. Prices ranging from $7 to 9 ⅌ cwt. 80 Cows were sold at from $35 to 50 ⅌ head. Sheep—2500 head were sold at prices averaging 4½c ⅌ lb, live weight. Hogs—2697 head were disposed of at from 6¾ to 7½ ⅌ lb net.

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LITERARY CONTENTS.

Carrying Home the Sheaves. By Emma Passmore.
My Jewels. By Mabel St. Clair.
Ninette Campbell's Dream. By Mrs. Harriet E. Francis.
The Seen and the Unseen.
Nothing but Money. By T. S. Arthur. Chapters I., II. and III.
Evangeline. By Mrs. Almena C. S. Allard.
Molly Simms. By Elizabeth.
Woman. By O. S. Baker.
Blue and Gold. By J. Starr Holloway.
Invocation. By Mrs. C. Maria Landon.
Imagination. By H. R. C.
Elizabeth, Daughter of Rev. Rufus Palmer. By Virginia F. Townsend.
Our Mothers. By Mrs. Sarah Hepburn Hayes.
Res Primæ! By Wm. M. Briggs.
Making the Most of Our Opportunities. By Paul Laurie.
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Health Department: Suggestions on Health. No. IV. By Hattie Hopeful.
Boys' and Girls' Treasury: Mary's Happy New Year. By Virginia F. Townsend—Elsie James's Birthday Party. By Mrs. Harriet E. Francis.
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Toilet and Work Table: Dinner Dress—Evening Party Dress—Coral Shell Stand for Chimney-Piece Ornament—Winter Overboots.
New Publications.
Editors' Department: "As thy Day is, so shall thy Strength be." By Virginia F. Townsend—January—First Babies—A Beautiful Poem—The Lesson on the Flageolet—Go and do Likewise—Only the Good and the True abide—"He Knew the Scriptures from his Youth."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realised.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realised I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be after knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

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No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, and take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

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Mrs. Jones—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing*.

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CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!

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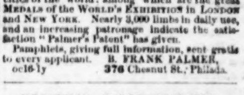

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Wit and Humor.

THE PLEASURES OF BEING A WITNESS.

It is a pleasant thing to be a witness on an important trial. If we knew that a murder was about to be committed across the way, we are inclined to the opinion that we should put our boots through a rapid course of locomotion round the corner, beyond the range of sight and hearing, to avoid the consequences of being a witness. Being a witness, you are called to the stand and place your hand on a copy of the Scriptures, in sheepskin binding, with a cross on one side and none on the other, to accommodate either variety of Christian faith. You are then arraigned before two legal gentlemen, one of whom smiles at you blandly, because you are on his side, the other eyeing you savagely for the opposite reason. The gentleman who smiles proceeds to pump you of all you know, and having squeezed all he wants out of you, relentlessly hands you over to the other, who proceeds to shew you that you are entirely mistaken in all your suppositions; that you never saw anything you have sworn to; that you never saw the defendant in your life; in short, that you have committed direct perjury. He wants to know if you have ever been in State prison, and takes your denial with the air of a man who thinks you ought to have been there. Asks you all the questions over again in different ways, and tells you, with an awe-inspiring severity, to be careful what you say. He wants to know if he understood you to say so and so, and wants to know whether you meant something else. Having bullied and scared you out of your wits, and convicted you in the eyes of the jury of prevarication, he lets you go. By-and-by, everybody you have fallen out with is put on the stand, to swear you are the biggest scoundrel they ever knew, and not to be believed under oath. Then the opposing counsel is summing up, paints your moral photograph to the jury, as a character fit to be handed down to all time as the type of infamy; as a man who had conspired against innocence and virtue, and stood convicted of the attempt. The judge, in his charge, tells the jury *if* they believe your testimony, &c., &c., indicating that there is even a judicial doubt of your veracity, and you go home to your wife and family, neighbors and acquaintances, a suspected man, all because of your accidental presence on an unfortunate occasion. Who would be a witness?—*Brooklyn Standard.*

Doing Well in His Profession.—A doctor in Vermont had a son who studied his father's profession, removed to a distant State, married, and went into practice. After a lapse of about three years, the father visited his son, and, during his visit, he requested the latter to take him round his "ride," that he might see the extent of his son's practice. During the excursion, the old gentleman remarked two new meeting houses with graveyards attached, which the younger informed him had both been erected since his residence there. He also told his father that he had very frequent calls to a distance from his regular circuit. Upon the old gentleman's return home, his wife asked him "how Fred was doing?"

"Well—very well—first rate," he replied; "he has already filled one churchyard full, another nearly so, and is doing a pretty fair chance business all about in other parts of the country."

Young America.—"Stanley," said Widower Brown, to his hopeful of fifteen summers, "I want you to remain at home this evening."

"What for, pop? Where are you going?"

"That's a very impertinent question for a son to propound to his father, but I suppose I must answer it. I am going to pay my best respects to Miss Sally Patterson this evening."

"No, you don't, pop! I'm going to see her myself this evening, and 'tain't no use of us both going to see the same gal at the same time."

So saying, young Stanley took up his hat and walked off, leaving his father perfectly confounded.

A Considerate Wife.—A few weeks after a recent marriage, the doting husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a "washing." He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled the fire. When hanging on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife.—She peeped over the blankets, and exclaimed:

"My dear, what's up the day?"

He deliberately responded:

"A'v put on me last clean serk, an am gaun to wash ane to mysel'."

"Very weel," said Mrs. Easy, "ye had better wash me ane, too."

The Young Idea.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's finger ran through the offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled. You should just have heard him holler, dad."

The father looked unhappy, while he explained to him that the precept did not apply to an act like that.

Wise Advice.—Coventry Patmore, in his new poem, gives the following advice:

> So let no man, in desperate mood,
> Wed a dull girl because she's good.

To which one might add:

> And let no woman, in her plight,
> Wed a bad man because he's bright.

—*N. Y. Sunday Press.*

"Here's You'll Keep."—Some years ago, an old sign painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets.

"Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the working of the precepts; "why, you careless old person, you have left a part of one of the commandments entirely out; don't you see?"

"No; no such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no; nothing left out—where?"

"Why, there," persisted the pastor, "look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the commandments out."

"Well, what if I have?" said old Obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work; "what if I have? There's more there now than you'll keep!"

Another and a more correct artist was employed the next day.

An Apt Retort.—The witty Scotch advocate, Harry Erskine, was on one occasion pleading before the House of Lords. He had occasion to speak of certain curators, and pronounced the word as in Scotland, with the accent on the first syllable—*cu-rators*. One of the English judges, whose name I have forgotten, could not stand this, and cried out, "We are in the habit of saying *curator* in this country, Mr. Erskine, following the analogy of the Latin language, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long." "I thank your lordship very much," was Erskine's reply. "We are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *curator*, we follow the analogy of the English language. But I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a *senator* and so great an *orator* as your lordship."

"Aggregate Temptation."—The late Sir George Simpson, in his early days, practised as a physician, and of him is told the anecdote that, attending one of his old cronies in a dangerous sickness, he, with a great share of generosity, declared he would not take a fee. The invalid insisted—Simpson was positive. But when the cure was performed, and the medical friend was taking leave, the patient said:

"Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee, nor must your good nature get the better of my gratitude."

Simpson eyed the purse, counted the number of days in a minute, and then, holding out his hand, replied:

"Well, I can hold out no longer. Singly, I could have resisted them for a twelvemonth, but, altogether, they are irresistible."

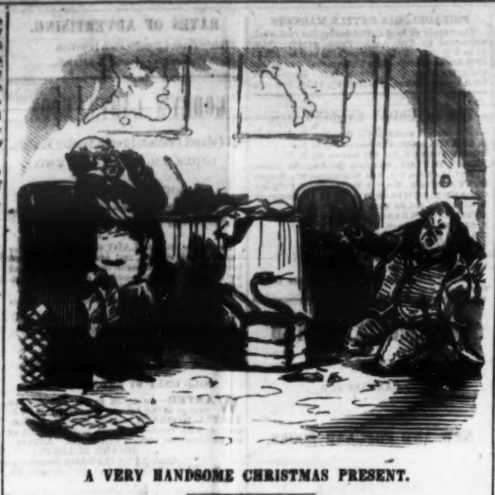
Irish Oaths.—The oaths of the Irish are very whimsical, such as "By the seven pipers that played before Moses the night he was born, and that's musical;" "By thy father's beard, and that's a hairy oath," and a variety of others; but of all the odd oaths ever taken, that of a witness before a committee of the House of Commons was the most singular. Being interrogated rather strongly by the opposing counsel as to his veracity, he roared out: "It's the sacred truth I'm spaking, by the sowl of Dan O'Connell, which is big, and yer own sowl, which is very little, my lord."

The Two Legs.—An inexperienced young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honeymoon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind *one* dish, and one dish only, and that she knew by name; it was a safe one, and substantial, too—"a leg of mutton." So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress's order. Perhaps the cook was weary of it; at last she ventured to inquire, "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?" "Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change."

Parliamentary Reprimand.—In the reign of George the Second, one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election committee which was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly summoned him to their bar, and he was forced to receive a reprimand from the speaker, on his knees. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost *nonchalance*, he took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his knees, coolly observed "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."

Clerical.—Some years ago Mr. Kimwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced as his text—"In my Father's house are many mansions." He had scarcely read the words when an old coon stood up and said: "I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentuck, in an old log cabin, and there is but one room in the house."

About Bedbugs.—According to an article in the last number of Harper's Magazine, bed-bugs are an American invention, and have been exported from this country to all parts of Europe, excepting Ireland, where a bed-bug is never to be found. The insect made its appearance in England as early as 1503, when two noblemen were "punctured" by them, and the physicians called in great haste. The bug is a parasite of the bat family, and is so tenacious of life that no degree of cold or heat can affect it. Freeze one until you can break it in two; thaw the pieces and they will revive. Freeze the eggs until congealed in ice; let them thaw, and they will hatch again as usual. Boil both insect and egg and they will revive again as soon as cool. If they can get nothing to eat they will live and propagate on what nourishment they may derive from the atmosphere.



A VERY HANDSOME CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"There, Thomas, be very careful not to injure the creature, as it's a very fine specimen indeed of a full-grown lively viper."

POWER AND INGENUITY OF AN INSECT.

Being in the habit of rising early, I have my breakfast-table got ready the over night. On sitting down this morning, a remarkable circumstance attracted my attention. About twelve inches from the table, and over the sugar-basin, I saw supended in mid-air, two small lumps of sugar, about the size of large peas. At first I felt much surprise, for I looked, and looked, and looked again, but sugar it was, and there they were—a fact. I blew at them, they moved, like the pendulum of a clock, but what held them I could not see. I thought of Mahomet's tomb being suspended between heaven and earth; then I thought of the spirits from the spirit-rapping world, but surely, I thought, they had not reached this peaceful spot in Kent. However, I lifted the candle up to the ceiling, and away ran a spider along the gas-pipe, which at once told me that the busy little thing had been at work in the night. I then closely examined, and saw that each lump was suspended by a single thread or web of the spider, and whom I must have disturbed, or he would have had them up in his ærial abode before long.

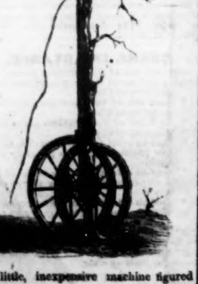
Agricultural.

MOVING TREES.

There are few places which are ornamented with shrubbery, fruit, and shade trees, where it does not become necessary to change the place of some of them, in order to prevent their standing too thick, destroying a prospect, or injuring some building or plant more valuable than itself. The tree to be removed, however, has been tended with cost and care, and is needed for some other unoccupied place. It has gained considerable size, and the question arises—"How can it be removed with certainty of success?" The common mode of digging about them, and removing by hand, is a slow, difficult, and uncertain one, as the earth in most cases falls away from the roots, leaving them exposed to sun and wind, and injury in conveying it to its place of destination.

Where a trench is dug about a tree, and the ball of earth is left to be frozen, there is less danger of injury to the roots, or of losing the tree itself.

After we have carefully dug about a tree, we need something to aid us in lifting it from its bed and in transplanting it gently to the hole that is to receive it. It cannot be placed upon a cart, or upon a drag, and keep the earth attached to the roots and fibres by which it is to be sustained—the motion to get it upon either will usually shake it all off.



The little, inexpensive machine figured above, it seems to us, would greatly facilitate the labor of moving trees, and at the same time enable us to do the work so as to secure the life of the tree. The editor of the Horticulturist says "it illustrates a very convenient contrivance for moving large trees. The truck is backed against the tree, the tongue thrown up against the body, and secured by stout cords. The earth is then removed from around the roots, the tongue pulled down by means of the rope attached to the end of the tongue, a team hitched fast, and the tree removed to its new quarters. The truck is placed over the hole in which the tree is to be planted, the tongue thrown up, and the tree is then in just the right position for filling in the earth."

Most farmers could rig up one of these machines with trifling cost, if, indeed, there were any, because there is usually an old pair of wheels and a cart nib that can be spared as well as not. One machine would answer the purposes of a whole neighborhood, and would undoubtedly save in time, annually, more than its entire cost.

The wheels and axletree of a common ox cart would answer a pretty good purpose for trees of considerable size, by lengthening the nib, and the forward wheels and shafts of a common wagon might be made to answer for small trees.

COVERING STRAWBERRIES.

We can have too much of a good thing, as many tyros in fruit culture have found out to their cost in this operation. Reading that strawberries are benefitted by a mulch in winter, they wrap them up as they would their babies in bed, hardly leaving a breathing hole. Three and four inches of stable manure, or leaves, are spread over them at this season, and the snows press down the litter, so that the leaves and crowns of the plant decay. They come out in the spring black and dead.

Nature gives us a profitable hint as to the proper amount of protection for this plant. It grows among the grasses, and the old fog that forms after mowing, where the fields are not pastured, screens them sufficiently from the cold. If the leaves are covered at all, it should only be with loose litter through which the air can circulate freely. With this precaution, we have never found any difficulty in the winter-killing of the plants. It is better to manure them at this season, than in the spring. What is spread upon the surface now, leaches down with the winter rains, and is equally distributed among the roots. Look occasionally to the plants to see if the leaves are green.—*American Agriculturist.*

Singular Manner of Raising Fruits.—A Newport (Rhode Island) correspondent gives some gossip concerning a garden, a gardener, and a novelist:

One of the greatest curiosities I have seen for a long time is the orchard-house of the Hon. William B. Lawrence, of this city. The system of culture is, I believe, rather new in this country. The house is a lean-to three hundred feet long, built in the most substantial manner. The entire house is heated by hot-water pipes, and is divided by glass partitions into sections of thirty feet each. Here one can easily fancy he is enjoying tropical life, for he has the heat of the tropics for the entire year, and their fruits, such as pine-apples, apricots, filberts, figs, and bananas, together with a great abundance and variety of the fruit of more northern climes, such as strawberries, pears, peaches, cherries, etc. All these fruits are growing in pots; and, what is most remarkable, the pots are simply filled with moss gathered from the woods. Some of the trees grow in *hanging baskets*, which, I believe, was original with Mr. Alfred Chamberlain, who has the care of the house. Mr. Chamberlain formerly had the care of the garden of Sir Lytton Bulwer, the novelist, who lived seven miles out of London. His account is, that "Bulwer was accustomed to come and spend an hour or two with him in the garden, and then he would return to his study, and write with all his might." The pots and baskets are generally small, and filled with moss, and, with the trees trained in every imaginable shape, some of them laden with the choicest fruit, present a picturesque and novel appearance.—*Cincinnatus.*

Horses and Butter.—A traveller in India relates that the horses of the Meer of Scinde are fed each morning after being watered, a pound of coarse sugar and a pound of clarified butter, which are made into balls—that the horses eat greedily after being once used to it. The writer notes that it fattens the horses prodigiously.

☞ In speaking of the late shooting-match of the English National Rifle Association, a person mentioned the fact of the Queen having fired a rifle and hit the "bull's eye," when a young lady present exclaimed, "Oh, shocking! did her majesty kill the poor animal?"

☞ Death and to-morrow are never here; they are either not come or gone.

A HINT TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN IN LOVE.

I should strongly recommend the young man who wishes to succeed with a damsel, to show particular attentions to her mamma. A mother indeed does not expect you to leave her daughter's side in order to talk to her; but be sure that such an act gains you much more good-will than all the pretty speeches you could have made in that time to the daughter. And it is only kind, too. As I have said, the mother's and *chaperon's* position is secondary when the daughter or *protegee* is present, at least in England; but a good-natured man will take care that she does not feel it to be so. A good girl is always pleased to see proper respect and attention shown to her mother; and when at breakfast the next morning, mamma says, "My dear, I like Mr. Jones very much; he is a very well-bred and agreeable young man—I recommend you to cultivate him;"—and when Arabella exclaims, "Oh, mamma, the idea! Mr. Jones, indeed!" you may be sure the maternal praise is not lost upon her, and the idea is precisely one that she will allow to return to her mind. One of the most fattening dishes on which Mr. Cupid feeds is that same praise bestowed by others. But, whether you have an eye to Arabella or not, the *chaperon* ought not to be neglected.—*The Habits of Good Society.*

One Drop at a Time.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought, or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

Value of a Newspaper.—A hint about securing personal comfort never comes amiss. A thin shawl may be made warm by folding *a newspaper* inside it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air from beneath it. If you suffer from cold feet on a journey, fold a piece of newspaper over your stocking. This is better than rubbers. If you are cold in bed, the newspaper for which you paid a few cents in the cars, spread under the upper cover will serve as an additional blanket.

Useful Receipts.

Rats.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says he has found, after twenty years experiment in various ways to destroy rats, that there is nothing equal to a few cats. "Chain the dogs and let the cats loose."

Sausages.—For the benefit of new subscribers, and old ones, I would renew my former recipe for seasoning sausages, viz.:—40 pounds meat; 1 pound salt; 3 oz. pepper; ½ pint sage, after it is pulverized.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Cocoanut Oil.—A valuable oil for ointments, for burns, &c., or to use for the toilet, entirely inodorous, and clear as water, can be made in the following manner:—

Grate finely the white meat of cocoanuts, and boil it half an hour in water enough to cover it four or five times, and set it by to cool. Then skim off the oil into a small vessel, whence you can pour it or skim it again to separate the water. The water still retained can be evaporated by boiling.

Cure for Rheumatism.—Bathe the parts affected in water in which potatoes with their skins on have been boiled, as hot as can be borne, just before going to bed. By the next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. One application of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate rheumatic pains.—*English Paper.*

Sausages.—Very excellent sausages are made with nearly equal parts of fat and lean pork, finely chopped, and seasoned with pepper and salt; but for a superior article the following receipt is particularly recommended: Chop, first separately and then together, one pound and a quarter of veal, free from fat, skin, and sinew; and equal weight of lean pork, and of the inside fat of the pig. Mix well, and strew over the meat one ounce and a quarter of salt, half an ounce of pepper, a nutmeg (grated,) and some pounded mace. Turn and chop the sausages until they are equally seasoned throughout, and tolerably fine; press them into a clean pan, and keep them in a very cool place. Form them, when required for table, into cakes something less than an inch thick; flour, and fry them for ten minutes in a little butter.

A Valuable Paint.—For the information of all those who are wishing to obtain a cheap and valuable paint for their buildings, I would say, take common clay, (the same that our common bricks are made of,) dry, pulverize, and run it through a sieve, and mixed with linseed oil. You have then a first rate, fire-proof paint, of a delicate drab color. Put on as thick as practicable. If any one has doubts with regard to the above, just try it on a small scale—paint a shingle and let it dry. Recollect that it must be mixed thicker than common paint.

The clay, when first dug, will soon dry; spread it in the air, under shelter; or if wanted immediately, it may be dried in a kettle over a fire. When dry, it will be in lumps, and can be pulverized by placing an iron kettle a few inches in the ground, containing the clay, and pounding it with the end of a billet of hard wood, three inches in diameter, three feet long, the lower end to be a little rounded. Then sift it. Any clay will make paint, but the colors may differ, which can easily be ascertained by trying them on a small scale as above indicated. By burning the clay slightly you will get a light red, and the greater the heat you subject it to, the brighter or deeper the red.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 11, 9, 14, 6, was a Venetian priest and physician who flourished early in the seventh century.

My 2, 8, 2, was an eminent American patriot.

My 3, 2, 16, 11, 13, was a celebrated Jewish rabbi, a native of Germany.

My 4, 8, 9, 4, 3, 13, was King of Persia and son of Darius Hystaspes.

My 5, 2, 8, 1, 16, 13, was a Spanish painter who was born at Madrid, in 1626.

My 6, 6, 2, 13, 14, 15, was a distinguished naval commander.

My 7, 14, 8, 3, 10, was a poet who was born at Paris in 1724, and died in 1780.

My 8, 3, 2, 16, 12, was a naturalist, born in London in 1710, and died in 1778.

My 9, 8, 3, 7, was a patriot of the American Revolution.

My 10, 5, 12, 13, 14, was one of the greatest of the Italian poets.

My 11, 7, 1, 6, 13, 14, 15, was a celebrated botanist, born in 1737, at Aix.

My 12, 1, 7, 16, was one of the most celebrated of the Persian poets.

My 13, 5, 4, 14, was a historian and antiquary, born in the twelfth century.

My 14, 10, 16, 13, was a distinguished American statesman.

My 15, 14, 2, 2, 8, 10, was a French natural philosopher, born in 1700, at Pimpre.

My 16, 12, 2, 5, was a Spanish Jesuit, born in 1714, at Segovia.

My whole was an Italian poet, who was born in 1565, at Modena.

J. GREENMAN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 1, 3, 5, is a verb.

My 2, 4, 8, 12, we could not live without.

My 3, 7, 2, is what we all do.

My 4, 9, is a preposition.

My 5, 3, 10, is a plant.

My 6, 3, 12, is a boy's nickname.

My 8, 2, 4, is a girl's name.

My 9, 3, 12, is a numeral adjective.

My 10, 7, 3, is a verb.

My 11, 12, 9, 3, 1, 2, 4, 12, 5, is necessary for making up an integer.

My whole is a nation in the Eastern Continent.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

REBUS.

The initials a science, the finals its master.

A British colony in Abyssinia.
A river in America.
A market town in Scotland.
An epic poem.
A medicinal oil.

E. P——g.

CHARADE.

My first is a manner, a fashion, a plan,
In all ages pursued by civilized man;
My second is dirty, and greasy, and base,
I cannot describe so unpolished a place;
Yet these, *well* united, fair woman should prize,
Far more than the charms that her beauty supplies.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a fruit; my second is a nickname; my third is a sort of fireplace; my fourth is to do wrong; my whole is a kitchen utensil. C. H.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two towers standing on a horizontal plane, and perpendicular to it; the lower tower is 60 feet high, and the higher tower is 80 feet high. If a perfectly flexible, inextensible chain, of uniform density, 300 feet long, and weighing at the rate of a pound to the foot, be fastened by the ends to the tops of the towers, and left to itself to hang freely down between them, it will just touch the level plane between the towers. Required—the nature of the *curve* which the chain will form itself into, and the distance the towers are apart from each other?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer has a square and rectangular field, each containing 10 acres. How much more will it cost to fence the latter than the former, the fencing being $2,75 a rod?

Glencoe, Ga. J. W. HATCHER.

A PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 4 dogs, with 16 legs, can catch 29 rabbits, with 87 legs, in 44 minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from 8 dogs with 32 legs, in 17½ minutes?

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GOUDY.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are policemen like the days of a man? Ans.—Because they are numbered.

☞ How would you express in two letters that you were twice the bulk of another person? Ans.—I W.

☞ Why does a coal barge weigh less than an empty sack? Ans.—Because, if the one is a *light* weight, the other is a *lighter*.

☞ Why is a cherry-seller like a necromancer? Ans.—Because he is a dealer in black-'arts.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA IN ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY—Bolerium,—Land's End. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Captain James Cook. CHARADE—Reed, (Deer, Dee, Red.) RIDDLE—Anana. RIDDLE—The figure 8. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—$8,95; 44 dimes, 91 half dimes. PROBLEM—743337.

Answer to J. W. Hatcher's QUESTION, published December 1st., is 720 yards, at 27 cents per yard. Answered by Henry R. Stode, Fredericksburg, Virginia; A. K. Perry, Churchville, New York; and W. W. Macfarlane, Richland, Calloway County, Missouri.

☞ The brightest dreams awaken to the darkest realities.

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Saturday Evening
Post 1861